Vol. CIV.—No. 1358] DECEMBER 25, 1929 [Registered as a Newspaper

CHRISTMAS WEEK NUMBER—*Special Features*

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SOME CONTRIBUTORS to

the Christmas Number of "The Bystander"

NOW ON SALE

MISS STORM JAMESON

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

LADY KITTY VINCENT

A REPRODUCTION OF THE STRIKING COVER SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY S. A. KNIGHT

MISS STORM JAMESON: One of the most versatile of modern writers, who has made a big name for herself of late years. The fact that she is a Master of Arts of Leeds University has not prevented her writing a really amusing —indeed, rollicking —story, "Save Us The Foxes," which is one long laugh

HOWARD K. ELCOCK: An artist whose work is very well known to "Bystander" readers. His double-page illustration in full colour, "The Sprout," is not only a delightful example of his colour work, but has a sting of satire which adds to its appeal

LADY KITTY VINCENT: An authority on Alsatians, Art and the Aristocracy. Although the first-named do not appear in her brilliant story, "Cats!" she uses a lot of the second in telling of a pre-war ordeal of one of the last named

LAWSON WOOD: An artist equally well known for his humorous and serious work. His colour and black and white illustrations to "Purple Cap" afford ample proof of his skill in the latter type of work

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS: A humorist who is also a satirist of the first order. Although the first reading of "The Gulf of Gruyère" will prove amusing enough, it is the second reading that will bring out the full flavour

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER: A granddaughter of George du Maurier, she has inherited much of the literary genius of the author of "Trilby." "The Old Ship" is a charming poem which is delightfully illustrated by Nick

RUPERT GRAYSON: The author, whose Secret Service novel, "Gun Cotton," is achieving a success this Autumn. In the "Purple Cap" he provides a full-blooded story of pirates and high adventure on the high seas

LAWSON WOOD

RUPERT GRAYSON

The Bystander, December 25, 1929 No. 1358. Vol. CIV

The BYSTANDER

BY E. LE SERVE

WAIST-LAND

LITTLE MISS BUBBLES

Lenare

A photograph of Catharine, the younger daughter of Capt. Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, which is reminiscent of the famous "Bubbles" picture by Millais. Her mother, who is the third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, was married in 1920

STIRRING TIMES! Keystone

Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino—ably assisted by some of the chorus—busy over the preparations of a Christmas pudding, at the Gaiety. As the British musical comedy "Love Lies" has so much spirit in it, the Gaiety pudding, obviously, must not lack any—hence the bottle!

The Passing Hour

ALL those who may have seen the Prince of Wales recently must have remarked how well and fit he is looking. I happen to have been in close proximity to him on three occasions of late. The first was at the annual League of Mercy meeting at St. James's Palace, when he and his sister, Princess Mary, made speeches. Then at the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match my seat chanced to be almost adjacent to where the Prince was sitting with his friends, in a very becoming bright brown overcoat. The third time was at an exclusive dance club, and really one could not help looking at his extremely healthy features, slightly tanned by exposure to winter wind, without some envy. The Prince's new house at Virginia Water will probably be finished by the time he returns from his trip to East Africa. Renovations and alterations to the house have been fairly considerable, the introduction of central heating—once a luxury, it is now considered a necessity in the smallest house—being but one of the minor operations.

NEXT WEEK

Will see the publication of our

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

which will include special articles by

MISS CLEMENCE DANE,

the famous author, who discusses Miss Tennyson Jesse's new novel, "The Lacquer Lady,"

HANNEN SWAFFER

on a phase of the drama,

"KIM" on America's Illusion.

"Success," Short Story by **Ethel Mannin**

Order THE BYSTANDER *from your newsagent and make sure of getting it.*

The Royal Party at Sandringham

THIS week the Prince will be spending Christmas with the King and Queen at Sandringham, and the family party will also include the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Elizabeth. His Majesty was shooting almost daily before he came to London, and he was out several times with the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester. While he was at Buckingham Palace the King received audiences practically every day, all of which is reassuring evidence of his complete return to health and activity.

Tango Teas Once Again

I MUST admit I was a little astonished when someone rang up the other day and asked me to a Thé Dansant.

"Thé Dansant," I exclaimed; this is 1929, not 1919. You must have confused the invitation."

L.N.A.

Miss Valerie French back from the States, where she visited Mr. Hendry Bradley Martin, Junr., with whom she was said to have renewed her engagement. Miss French now states that the engagement is cancelled

REVELRY BY NIGHT

But a Thé Dansant it was, and, with curiosity uppermost to see what manner of survival this was of a past decade, I went. Expecting to find a few self-conscious young women hurriedly drinking tea to screen their desolation, I contrived a late arrival. To my amazement the room was packed with both men and women. I stood aghast. I had thought Thé Dansants as dead as the unfortunate Queen Anne. On further investigation, for this particular dance was in aid of charity, I find that their popularity seems to be reviving. Before we know where we are we shall all be eating meringues at tango teas and the Bishops will bewail our decadence. Personally, if such a phenomenon does recur, I shall take it to be what it is—a healthy sign of increased vigour!

Alfieri

AFTER THE BALL

Miss Margaret Portal and Mr. Caulfield at the "After the Ball" meet of the Hampshire Hunt. It was held at Chawton House, near Alton

Joining the Great Brigade

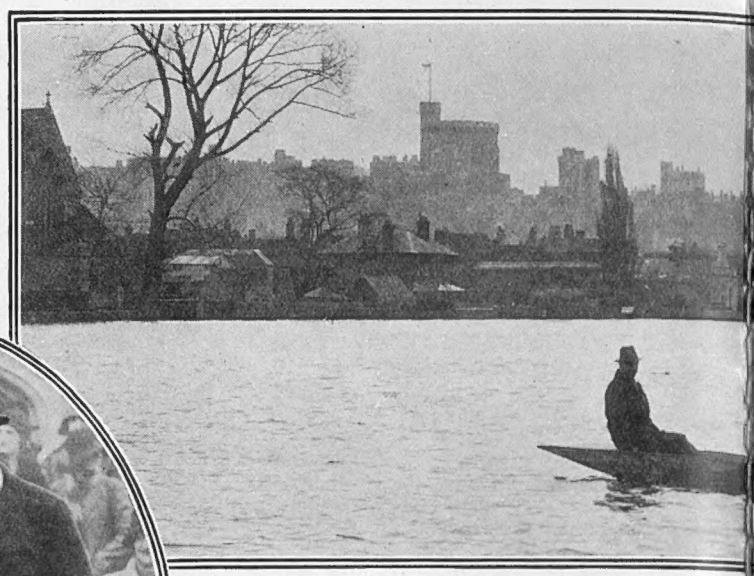
THESE pageant balls that are organised in aid of charity create an amount of employment. If it takes proportionately as many to maintain the practical working of Miss Bondfield's Unemployment Insurance Bill as it does to produce one charity ball with accompanying display, all the unemployed will be occupied in organising their own reliefs. Charity nowadays benefits not only those for whom the money is raised, but also those who participate in raising it. Many who wish to hitch their social waggon to a brighter constellation of celebrities than those of their present firmament achieve their ends of being included on some distinguished charity committee. And if their waggon be already travelling through the social Parnassus, what pleasanter occupation is there for these winter afternoons than committee meetings and discussions and dress rehearsals of cabarets and pageants?

Facing Photographers at Inconvenient Hours

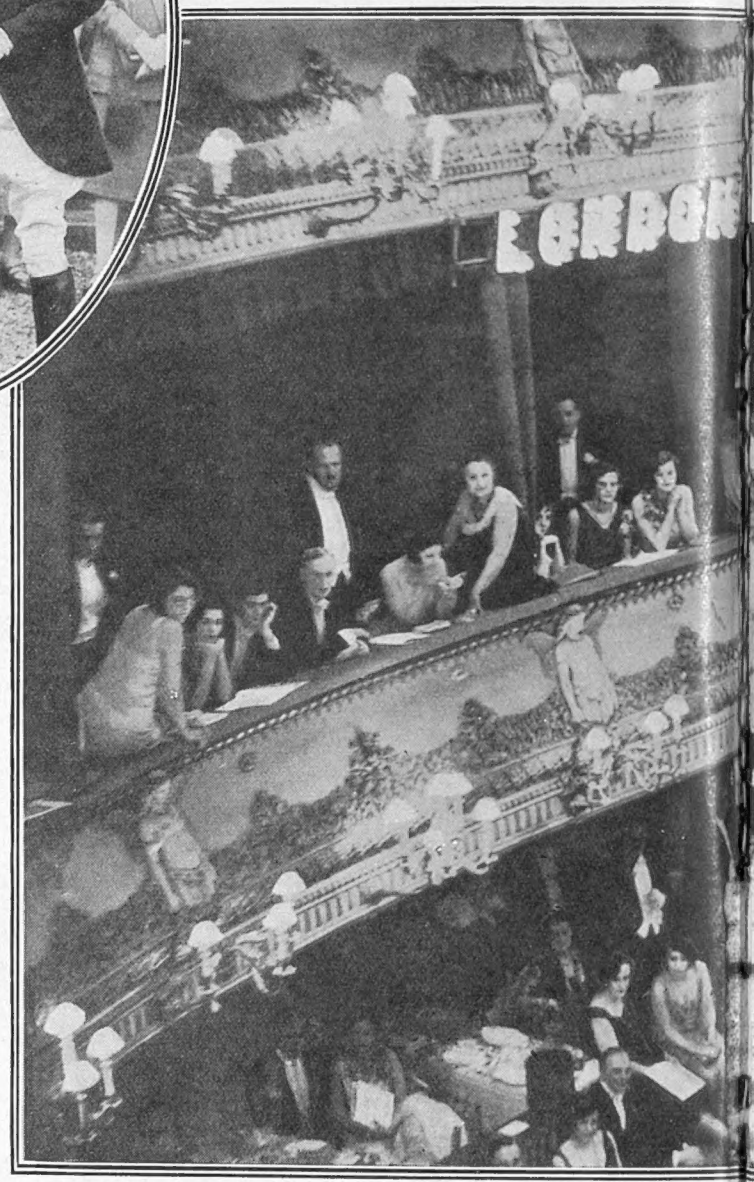
SOME people seem to devote half their lives to charity appeals. Lady Castlerosse, for instance, is unrelenting in her efforts. She has hardly missed appearing in a single important charity display this season. Mrs. A. G. McCoIquodale, who organised the Surprise Pageant at the Santa Claus Ball last week at the Kit-Cat, is another who flings her boundless energy into promoting the success of a dance, and there are many others, such as Lady Ashley, Mrs. de Winton Wills, Miss Gwen le Bas, Mrs. Glen Kidston, Lady Alexander, to name but a few, who are always ready to face dressmakers, photographers, and reporters at inconvenient hours just to advance some good cause.

A New Côte d'Azur Express

IN the old days one set out for the Riviera with apprehension rather than pleasure at the anticipation of



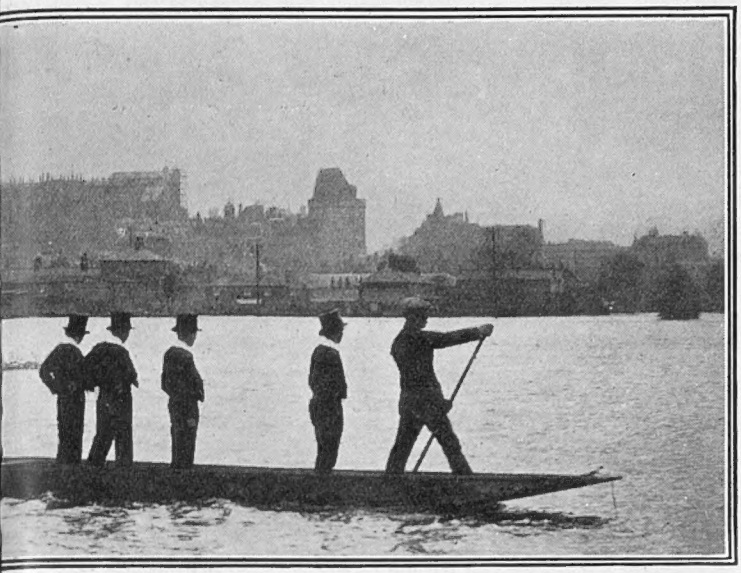
How naval battles might have been won on the playing fields of Eton and Etonians can be see



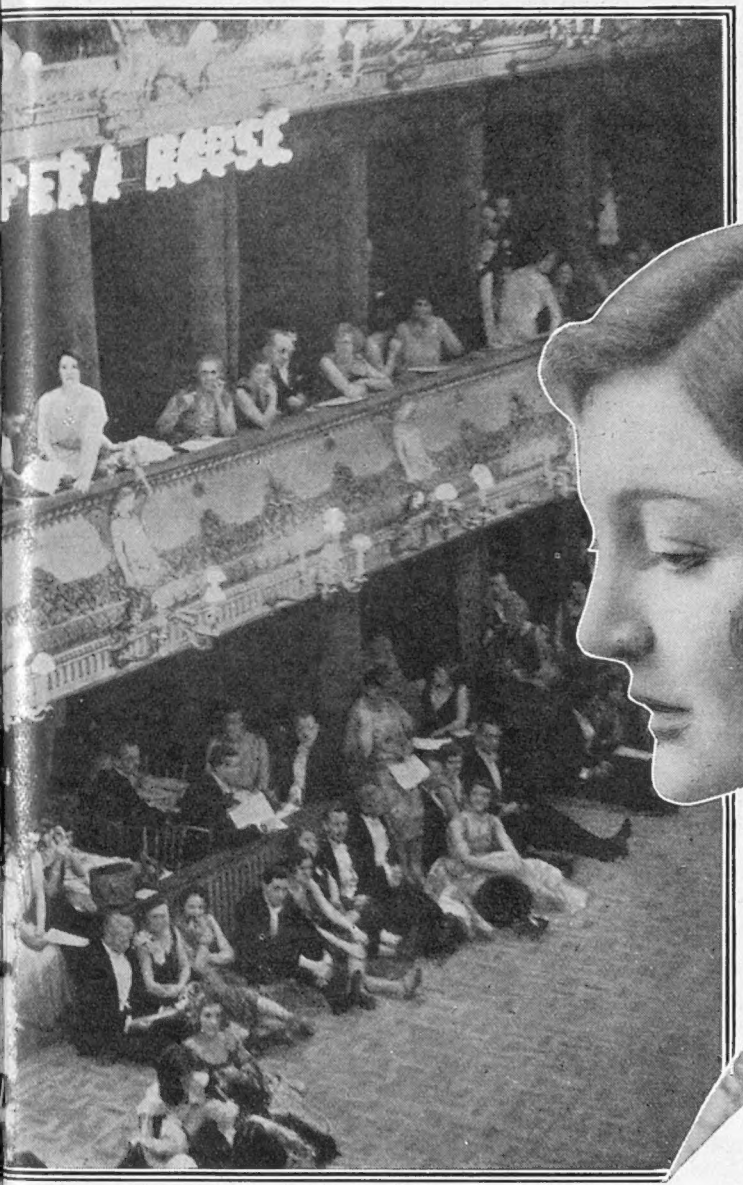
"JOY OF LIFE" REVELLE

Spectators await with keen interest the arrival of the beauty pageant, one of the m Opu

TRAVELLING IN COMFORT



ing to the recent excessive rainfall, the Eton playing fields have been severely flooded. pling one of the new means of transit



Specially taken for "The Bystander" by William Davis

PPED IN COVENT GARDEN

tions in the "Joy of Life" Ball, which was recently held at the Covent Garden

the journey. Now one luxury succeeds another in providing further ease and comfort in new train services to the South.

When they first built the "Blue Train," with its single-berth compartments, I thought the limit in comfortable travel had been reached, but it had hardly begun, and the present "Blue Train" far eclipses its predecessors in gratifying every requirement. The latest service to be introduced is the "Côte d'Azur Pullman Express," which now runs from Paris to the Riviera by day, completing the journey in an hour and fifty minutes less than the "Blue Train," which takes you through the night. "It is like travelling on a beam of sunshine," a friend who went on the inaugural trip of this superb new train told me. For some years those who prefer travelling by day and others who remember a similar service before the War, though it did not approach the luxury and speed of the present Côte d'Azur express, have been hoping for such a train, so now when they step aboard from the platform of the Gare de Lyons at 8.50 in the morning their hopes will be fully realised.

Armchairs in a Train

THE Pullman coaches have been specially designed to reduce vibration and to give every passenger as much room as possible to stretch his legs. Every seat is an armchair, which can be raised, lowered, or adjusted as you wish, and a different scheme of decoration has been carried out in every coach. The wall panels are of Lalique glass, and the lighting is ingeniously deprived of glare by indirect reflection. (Shades of the old gas jets!) Meals, as on the "Golden Arrow" service, are brought to your table, and an individual characteristic of the "Côte d'Azur Pullman Express," introduced for the first time on European luxury trains, is a coach set apart as a lounge, writing-room, and smoke-room on the lines of the American observation car; also one can dance. Think of that! And the supplement to the first-class fare is very moderate.

Fenwick Cutting

Miss Frances Doble, the well-known actress, who was married to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 16

Where the Mimosa is Blooming

THEY have not been experiencing

IN THE SUNSHINE AT SAN REMO

By Helen McKie

An impression of the Casino and grounds at San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. A little way beyond the French border, San Remo, with its palms, its Casino, and its sunshine, is deservedly gaining in popularity

Pauline Portraits

MISS PHYLLIS STANFORD

Who is engaged to Captain Lionel Courtney Evans, of the Gloucestershire Regiment. Their marriage will take place early in the New Year

the tempestuous nights and days on the Riviera that have kept the slates flying and umbrellas raised over here. Already the mimosa is opening its buds to the sunshine, and the gardens in Monte Carlo are gleaming brightly. The lawn tennis courts are breaking into bloom, too, I gather, and Mr. W. T. Tilden is to make his Riviera debut at the Monte Carlo tournament on January 6. I hope his nightly appearance at the "Trocabaret," where he has been rivalling Mr. Will Rogers as an amusing raconteur, will not have interfered with his prowess. The arrival of M. Poincaré at Roquebrune is arousing great interest, almost

AN ATTRACTI

The chorus of the pantomime, "Cinderella-up-to-dat amateur theatricals, have produced this year at Ba

A WEDDING OF THE MONTH

Lenare

Mr. Reginald Pascoe Grenfell and his bride, Miss Joyce Phipps, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Phipps, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom is the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur M. Grenfell and the late Lady Victoria Grenfell

as much as that of the Aga Khan and his wife at Antibes. He has renamed his villa, Jane-André, after his bride.

Playtime at Cannes

CANNES has filled up for Christmas, and I make no apology for continuing upon this Riviera theme as so many have gone South now. Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans, Sir Banister Fletcher, the architect who has been making such vigorous attacks upon the proposed schemes for the new Charing Cross bridge and station, and Lady Fletcher are spending the holidays there. The Marquess of Cholmondeley has been playing tennis in preparation for the approaching tournaments, and others at Cannes now include Sir George and Lady Penny and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Van den Berg, who are at the Villa Edelweiss. I always remember the wonderful view over the sea and the Esterels from the Hôtel des Anglais, where the Hon. Mr. Brand Whitlock and Mrs. Brand Whitlock have arrived for the winter. Mr. Whitlock was American Ambassador to Belgium during the War, and he has written a memorable account of his experiences in Brussels during the German occupation. His new book, "Lafayette," has just been published. Others staying at the Hôtel des Anglais, which has been thoroughly modernised, repainted and redecorated, include Sir William and Lady Milton, the Comte and Comtesse de Martigny, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de St. Jonan and Mrs. Watson Taylor, Blanche Lady Rosslyn's sister. The Anglais is one of those hotels to which the same visitors return season after season, which, of course, is the nightly dream of every hôtelier.

On the Italian Riviera

SAN REMO, having regained the right to open its Casino, which Signor Mussolini closed so peremptorily some years ago, is regaining also its erstwhile popularity. The Italian Riviera, though not so developed as the French coast, is particularly charming in winter, and the Italians are always so very pleased to see you and always sufficiently gracious not to interrupt your faltering Italian by replying in fluent English! The villas at San Remo are nearly all occupied by their winter residents now. Lady Grayson, General Sir Foster Newland, and Princess Salm have returned, as well as Princess Polignac, the Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt, and Admiral and Mrs. Farrington.

'Midst a Blaze of Yuletide Logs

CHRISTMAS finds quite a number of well-known English people on board ship. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have left for India, where they will remain for three or four months, and Lord and Lady Stanley have also gone out there. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his family are on their way to British East Africa, and by now Lady Honor Guinness will probably have arrived in India, where she will be the guest of her uncle and aunt, the Viceroy and Lady Irwin. Dowager Lady Swaythling and her daughter are spending Christmas in South

Planet News

AMATEUR CHORUS

which Sir Arthur and Lady Griffith-Boscawen, who are very keen on Constitutional Hall, Pangbourne. Sir Arthur appears in the play as Bung of Pangbourne

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

Central Press

Members of the Oxford and Cambridge cross-country teams who took part in the recent Inter-Varsity competition at Horton Kirby. Cambridge, who had four old Blues running, won an easy victory by 21 points to 34

Topical

Mr. Watts in action at the fifth drive during the shoot given by Colonel William Selby-Lowndes. It was held at Whaddon Hall, Bletchley

Africa with the Governor-General and Princess Alice at Government House. At home Lord and Lady Leconfield will have a large house party at Petworth, and at Rushbrooke Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Lord Islington, one of Lord Beaverbrook's latest recruits to the Empire Crusade, and Lady Islington will be entertaining over the holiday. No surroundings will be more appropriate to Christmas festivities than those at Great Fosters at Egham. This magnificent old house, once the home of Queen Elizabeth, is one of the best-preserved pieces of Tudor architecture in the country, and the introduction of modern comfort has not been allowed to interfere with its character. The great open fires, burning the traditional yule logs, will be aflame with cheerful brightness, and the management of Great Fosters has arranged a series of individual entertainments over the holidays that includes everything from golf to archery, as well as an Elizabethan concert and an Elizabethan masked ball.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

All interested in National Hunt racing are praying for better weather conditions during the early months of the New Year. It is during this period that the best racing over the sticks is seen, and when the fit horses come into their own.

During the past few weeks I have selected horses that are in good condition, and I hope my readers have kept a record of their names. I confidently anticipate many of them will figure in the winners' list before many weeks have passed.

Here are six more horses to follow:

MAKBAR. The exceptionally heavy going was dead against this filly at Nottingham, where she was made the medium for some big bets. She finished fourth in the Elveston Steeplechase (two miles).

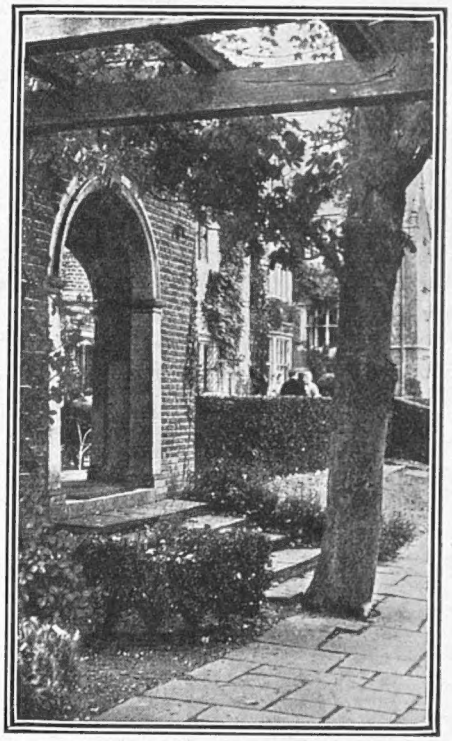
GOLDEN ERMINE. The son of Golden Sun, owned by Mr. W. Needham, was well supported to win the Trent Hurdle (two miles) at Nottingham. He finished third to Survivor, and should earn winning brackets in the near future.

FIRST OFFENCE. An ideal horse for jumping, and Butchers will place him to win. He started joint favourite when beaten a head at Plumpton in the Bostal Hurdle (two miles). A sure money spinner.

ROSECOMB. Mr. A. G. Whiteman's well-bred gelding was close up third in the Punch Bowl Hurdle at Plumpton, and the market indicated that he was confidently expected to win.

DUSTY ANSWER. Poole will win races with this strongly built son of Noblesse Oblige. Was a hot favourite in the Beginners' Hurdle (two miles) at Plumpton and finished fourth. Previously ran second to Ahoy in a mile and half hurdle at Chelmsford.

BYRON. Proved himself a genuine stayer when running second to Paddy O'Hara in the Punch Bowl Hurdle (two miles). Was well backed and started favourite.



A picturesque corner of Great Fosters, the charming old Elizabethan mansion at Egham, which is now an hotel. The management has arranged a most attractive programme for Christmas and the New Year, which includes an Elizabethan concert, dancing, and golf and tennis competitions, and—on New Year's Eve—a special masked ball, with prizes for the best Elizabethan costumes

BRAVO! LADY HOUSTON!

By "KIM"

News Illustrations

The Joint-Masters of the Hursley Hunt, Mr. Herbert Johnson and Lieut.-Colonel E. R. Kewley, and the Huntsman taking the pack into the open from Crab Wood. The photograph was taken at the meet held at Hursley Park, near Winchester

Rita Martin

Lady Houston, the widow of Sir Robert Houston, who is championing the cause of the 115 tramwaymen who were dismissed because they volunteered for work during the General Strike. She has not only offered to stand the cost of any legal action they may take, but has also volunteered to pay their wages

LADY HOUSTON is a wealthy woman, but unlike many women (and men too) she knows how to use her money. When 115 tramwaymen are victimised by the Socialist majority on the Hull City Council, who have flung them into the street because they volunteered for service during the General Strike of 1926, Lady Houston takes up the challenge with a vengeance. She slings down her gauntlet and leaves *The Daily Herald* and other so-called "friends" of working men who use intimidation and victimisation as their poisoned and barbed arrows, to foam in impotent rage. They will hurl insults and rudenesses at her, of course, but abuse is their usual stock-in-trade. I personally have never heard or read a reasoned argument yet from Socialists, but abuse is a bottomless if muddy well at their disposal.

LADY HOUSTON offers to pay the men's wages until the New Year. Not content with that, she tells the Hull City Councillors, without any mincing of words, that to dismiss these poor men because they did their duty by the State is both unlawful and illegal. She terms their action "perfidious and unworthy" and adds, scornfully, that instead of fighting 115 impoverished tramwaymen they are fighting *her*, and she cheerfully takes on the burden which she has no doubt of winning. A copy of this letter was sent to Miss Bondfield, the Minister of Labour, who told the House of Commons that the Government could do nothing. It wasn't their business. And to this Lady Houston, with feminine candour, retorts, "Your title in future should be Minister of Injustice to Labour."

A LITTLE incident like this shows us what to expect of Socialism and all its pretentious regard for the underdog when it comes to bedrock. The "comrade" business is hollow to the core and Lady Houston, who is no politician, but a big-hearted woman, with one gesture strips off the flimsy covering and reveals the nakedness beneath. If the Socialists had themselves disavowed the conduct of the Hull City Council there would have been little to remark upon, because there are queer people everywhere—some even in other parties. But I search in vain for any such inclination. Socialist mentality regards tramwaymen who aided the State against a revolutionary effort to overthrow it in 1926 as "scabs." There is no predisposition to let bygones be bygones. They thirst for blood, do these political Sadists, and no such thought as "Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men" disturbs their dreams o' nights.

THE PERIL OF "PANEM ET CIRCENSES"

Keystone

Mr. Winston Churchill being carried shoulder high by Bristol University students, following his election as Chancellor of the University. He neatly duped the crowd on his arrival by being represented by a "double," who came in for a good deal of ragging, what time Mr. Churchill reached his destination by another route

AND so, as a gesture, they reopen relations with Russia. It is no good their pretending it is because of trade, for no trade worth while can ever be conducted with parties who don't pay. Why, only a few days ago a Siberian mine organisation complained that though the company was making £30,000 a month it was unable to get any remittance, however modest, to Britain. The truth is that the Sadic qualities of Stalin and his gangsters appeal to our Socialists in the mass, though they might not like themselves to torture and assassinate all their enemies on the slightest pretext. They apparently admire the Bolshevists' hatred of Christianity, which they are doing their best to stamp out, having even eliminated the Sunday. "Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men" is emphatically not the text the Bolshevists practise.

PEACE and Good Will on Earth! That is the desire of everyone except, of course, the Bolshevists and, as far as their actions speak, of the Socialists. What Paderewski has said about the Moscow gang, that "a Bolshevik is a man who despises everybody who wears a collar," is scarcely an exaggeration of the Socialist's mentality, for even to this day Jim Thomas's stock has stood relatively low because he has been addicted to a boiled shirt and tall hat on occasions. I study the columns of the Socialist Press on occasions, and whilst intolerance and envy are permanent features, amiability, generosity, and any effort to consider the other person's point of view never by any chance creeps into the text. The Socialist is a strange individual. In past ages he would have been priest-ridden as to-day he is a slave to a doctrine composed mostly of clichés and hatreds. His doctrine is as outworn and barren as it was as far back as the days of Darius Hystaspes, the Persian, who concluded that mob rule was a fertile cause of wars.

BY NORMAN KAY

NURSERY RHYMES OF OUR TIMES

Little Boy Red, he blows on his horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
And that little boy who looks after the sheep
Is (as usual) under the haystack asleep

THERE is no hope for the prosperity of the nation for so long as we tolerate any Government that is totally blind to the needs of a people, and rules, not for the building up and strengthening of the better elements, but with an eye on the spoliation of these to purchase the votes and support of the inferior elements—by "inferior" I do not mean money, but character, independence, intelligence and judgment, all of which are usually conspicuous by their absence in Socialist gatherings and arguments—by a policy of destruction, instead of creation, by a resort to "panem et circenses" which ruined Rome as it is ruining us. This temperament (amiably supported by some Conservative leaders) means squandering the Empire as we are now doing. Lord Lloyd the other day—and Lord Lloyd is a man of courage—warned us what will happen in Egypt. The Indian agitators are getting things into their own hands with the connivance of our Socialists, who see the chance to destroy tens of millions of capital. South Africa and Ireland both scorn the Empire to-day and China puts her fingers to her nose.

BUT there is hope yet. Lord Beaverbrook's big bold scheme of Free Trade within the Empire has caught on. Its membership before long will be sufficient to make any political party put on its thinking cap, for its ideals are not confined to the export of 19 millions sterling toll to America. The Empire to-day can only be cemented by economic alliance, and this Empire Free Trade will bring about. It will give prosperity at home and render us largely independent of the huge tariff walls built round us. It has come to stay and next year perhaps there will be "Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men." "KIM."

To-day's Great Thought

A brain is only as strong as its weakest think.

The Younger Generation

Marcus Adams

Renée, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild, faces the ordeal by camera with becoming seriousness

Mrs. Robin Grosvenor, the wife of Capt. Robin Grosvenor, with her little son Hugh. Her husband is the only son of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor

Hay Wrightson

Bassano

Mrs. W. Shirley Worthington-Evans with her recently christened baby daughter Sarah. She is the daughter-in-law of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the former Secretary of State for War

Lenare

George Graham Mortimer, the sturdy little son of Sir Reginald and Lady Leeds, of Cadogan Square. Lady Leeds was formerly Miss Winnaretta Singer, daughter of Mr. Paris Singer

AT THE PLAY

A YOUNG ACTOR IN A

"THE APPLE CART," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

Act II gives an interlude of platonic pleasure. On the left, Cedric Hardwicke, on the right, Edith Evans indulging in it

Charles Carson (left) as the Prime Minister "all dressed up" and (right), Matthew Boulton as Boanerges—far from being a dumb dog of the Cabinet

A course of cigars was all that James Carew wanted to complete the make up of Mr. Manhattan

TYPHOON, which is an adaptation of a play by Melchoir Lengyel by the late Laurence Irving, was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1913, and, although it ran for about two hundred nights, the revival at the Duchess Theatre is the first that has been seen in London since then.

WHY this interesting play has been neglected so long I cannot understand, for the theme is out of the common; there are fine acting parts in it, and, although somewhat on the gloomy side, it is not in the least depressing.

THE story deals with a Japanese colony in Paris, and one of its number is engaged in writing a treatise which, though the subject is left delightfully vague, for some reason or other will be of incalculable advantage to the Japanese nation. The author, however, succumbs to the charms of a Parisian cocotte, and the elders of the Japanese colony believe her to be something worse than a member of the oldest profession. They are convinced that she is also a spy.

WHILE the treatise is incomplete these elderly men of the East insist upon the liaison being broken off, but in thus insisting they did not realise what the consequences would be. These consequences are serious, for Tokeramo, the author, from motives which are mixed, finally murders his mistress. But Tokeramo is too valuable a Japanese to suffer execution, and therefore another of the colony takes the discredit for the crime so that the treatise may be finished.

THEN follows the interrogation of prisoner and witnesses by an investigating judge, who is completely deceived by the wily, false evidence of the Japanese, who stick together like limpets and act in concert like a good Rugby football pack. Finally, the treatise completed, Tokeramo commits suicide in the approved Japanese manner, and we leave the theatre won-

NEW ROLE

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "The Apple Cart," at the Queen's Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

dering what would be the fate of his compatriot who gave himself up for a murder which he did not commit!

ALTHOUGH the story is by no means a bad one, and contains what is generally a safe card to play—which is a trial scene—it is not the tale alone which is of interest. It is in the picture of Japanese thought, feeling, habits and customs in an alien land which will appeal to many playgoers more than the story itself. It is this picture, too, of Japanese patriotism and love of country which lifts this play out of the common rut of stories dealing with the way of an Eastern man with a Western maid or vice versa.

I AM glad that this drama has been revived, not only because of its individual merit, but for the reason that it introduces to the stage a new Dennis Neilson-Terry, a young actor who for the past few years has been seen in plays of the "popular" type which gave him but few chances of showing his true worth. In *Typhoon*, as Tokeramo, he gives a performance of great power, subtlety and distinction. This part is not actor-proof—far from it. There are difficult passages in it, because it is unevenly written; but be the author at his best or worst, Dennis Neilson-Terry never loses grip.

ANOTHER part really well played was that by Edgar Norfolk of a Polish-French artist, who though addicted to drink and women yet is able to make out a good case for Western wisdom. What is more, he really seemed the type of man who *could* paint pictures, which is not always the case with stage artists! Andrew Churchman, J. S. Carré, and Anthony Blair, as Japanese gentlemen, were dignified and interesting, and I wish all the parts had been as well played as these.

UNFORTUNATELY, they were not. Mary Grew, as the cocotte, was sometimes none too audible, and she was deficient in light and shade; while Betty de Malere as her friend was colourless. The audience thoroughly appreciated the performance of George Merritt as the investigating judge, but I wish he had not "played for the laugh" so persistently. A change of manner and he might have gripped the audience one moment and had them guffawing the next, and as this was a trial scene tension would not have been amiss.

"The Apple Cart," at the Queen's

THE illustrations on this page show that our artist, H. H. Harris, has been visiting Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*, round which so much controversy raged when it was produced at Malvern. Now *The Apple Cart* has had quite a long run at the Queen's Theatre, and this is proof positive that, though it may or may not be a good play, it is good entertainment.

THEATRE-GOERS do not care two hoots whether a play is technically good or bad. They pay their money to be interested or amused, and the length of a run is the only real test of the matter. Not all plays by "G.B.S." have achieved long runs, but that of *The Apple Cart* suggests that there can be no controversy as to which is the author's most popular play. V. W.

Feminine amenities at a Cabinet meeting: Eileen Beldon, slightly handicapped by her pretty costume, and Dorothy Holmes-Gore as Amanda

OUR SPORTING AND DISPORTING FASHIONABLES

By Blanche B. Elliott

CHRISTMAS parties and balls are in the air, and everyone is gaily flaunting the new frocks they have been indulging in. These have been a necessity owing to the complete change of style, particularly for the evening, and whether there are so many parties because of the new frocks or new frocks because of the parties, the ultimate result is the same. What with the mounting tide of old Father Thames and the still rising Bills of the Labour Party, which we shall have to foot later, it is small wonder that we are trying to drown our cares in gaieties.

THE uneven lengths with which the long skirts were heralded have now come down to one level, and that is a low one. Still, there is no restriction round the ankles and skirts are full, filmy, with long points which can be kicked aside, or the really long skirt which touches all round and is slit to the knee. It is still possible for those who have beautiful legs to show them, only with more subtlety and discretion. It is amusing to see how women have got round the bare-back vogue when they are not quite sure of themselves. A dressmaker complained to me the other day that Frenchwomen adopted this mode entirely, but their London customers were always bringing in their frocks to have the backs filled up with bits of flesh-coloured tulle or something. In the October showings many big houses recognised this feeling on the part of certain clients, and—notably Lelong and Patou—used loops and a harness-like arrangement of straps and bands on the back, possibly with the idea of keeping the bodice on at all, and possibly to act as a form of camouflage for those to whom the style was not becoming.

ANOTHER way of filling up the gaps in one's décolletage is to wear the new bizarre necklaces of many-coloured beads. Chanel was one of the first to launch this vogue. Her mannequins wore frock-matching necklaces of large flat stones that were placed well down on the collar bones, the small, close-fitting choker having quite gone out. She also showed elaborate and longish necklaces of brilliants and numbers of Eastern-looking coloured glass beads. These are also fastened round the neck to hang down the back where the décolletage is lowest. The old gag that "imitation jewellery is *such* bad form, my dear!" like other accepted maxims, has been sent to oblivion, and our moderns deck themselves as happily as any South Sea islander in barbaric coloured stones that would have stunned the early Victorians into a state of permanent shock. The Englishwoman is at her best en grande tenue, and wears her formal evening gown with an admirable grace and insouciance. She is a conventional soul, and this is just one of the things she has always done, and therefore does it with a distinction and lack of self-consciousness.

A ski-ing suit of trousers and tunic from Patou in grenat-coloured cloth with beige and grenat wool scarf, cap, gloves and socks *Model Jean Patou*

Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THOSE who have not gone away before Christmas are apparently doing so afterwards, when the trek of the holiday-makers will be in full swing. So important is the winter sporter that most Paris houses cater for her, though in the strictly utilitarian garb there is not much scope for ingenuity. Still, it is nice to have the cachet of a big French house even in these matters. THE BYSTANDER artist has therefore made a special sketch of a Patou model in grenat cloth, which shows the plain-cut trouser of accepted style and a single-breasted tunic with useful pockets and belt, with sweater and wool accessories in beige and grenat.

THE Mecca of the English winter sporter is, of course, Switzerland, but to the writer, at least, its mere mention brings back a memory of Canadian snows, where winter sports are second nature. Just now one knows that at Château Frontenac, the unique castle hotel which stands aloft on the heights of old Quebec, the Christmas gaieties will be at their height. One remembers, too, how the whole able-bodied population of Montreal turns out to ski down the hill at the back of the town; that Toronto's ice rink is crowded with those who waltz, and women champions in short, fur-bound, ballet skirts who pirouette to the strains of the band, while others sit and watch, sipping their tea in a heated gallery behind glass panes; that parties turn out for snowshoe races on those queer things like elongated tennis bats into which one places one's foot; how one motors to ice carnivals on still, starlit nights, and where the champion ice hockey players of the world come from.

SNOW can be brushed off fur or cloth without damage, but the kind of weather that is really most discouraging for the well-dressed is the rain which pours down from the heavens, to be met by the wetness which bounces back from the pavements beneath. Frankly, Englishwomen have shown little ingenuity in dealing with this kind of weather. Some are wearing long, closely buttoned gaiters (one groans to think how long they must take to fasten), and there has been a return to those ugly, shapeless atrocities known as Wellington boots. But to me it is so utterly surprising that no one adopts the American overboot with rubber soles and closely fitting felt top, which just zips up and clasps round the ankle. They fit over the shoe, keep the ankles and feet dry and warm, and in blacks, browns, and greys make smart wear.

MUCH fullness in the skirt is what Louiseboulanger advocates, and her model illustrated by Scaioni shows folds of printed moiré arranged to fall until it touches the ground at the back. There is an outcry from the small dressmaker against the difficulties of copying the new models, but this has been done "a' purpose." In the opinion of the big houses there was far too much copying going on, and models have been made purposely difficult. And that, in a nutshell, is what all the trouble is about.

A Louiseboulanger evening gown of printed moiré, with tight-fitting bodice, slim hips, and skirt arranged to fall in voluminous folds. The lower-at-the-back line is greatly enhanced by Scaioni's pose

Model Louiseboulanger

if gossip we

Raphael

Miss Ann Suter, "The Girl from Dixie," who came over to England two and a half years ago to stay three weeks and is still working over here. She is an eccentric comedienne who recently amused the visitors at the Kit-Cat Restaurant by an impromptu performance. She is engaged to M. Albert A. Tavel de Pourtales, the second son of the Comtesse de Pourtales

By A. R. Cane

"Lewis came round to see me last night, and I kept on telling him what an appalling reputation he had with women."

"And did he live up to it?"

"*Did* he! Why, the idiot sat there denying it the whole evening!"

As good a Christmas motto as any would be "Peace on Earth. Goodwill within the Empire." And I can imagine very many men less fitted to play the part of Santa Claus than Lord Beaverbrook. (At any rate, he is the sort of Claus I should always be delighted to have in any contract.) Here let me divulge the interesting news that there has been a positive stampede in the Bystander office to join the Empire Crusade. The editor's disappointment at not being able to be the very first to enrol—he missed that distinction by I don't know how many thousands—has gone far towards spoiling his Christmas. But enrolled he has, and so has the dramatic critic, and so has the nice young man who so cleverly arranges all those alluring photographs of nice (and sometimes naughty) young ladies, and so has the nasty middle-aged man whose hatred of Socialism (even at Christmas-time) has been known to make the "Herald" angels sing. "Let's do it" is the song of the Imperial Free Traders. Even "goldfish in the privacy of bowls" would do it if they were capable of grasping the points of the simplest, and, to my mind, most obviously beneficent scheme that has been launched into the sea of politics for many a year.

THE late T. W. H. Crosland once wrote that "The way of a bird in the air, the way of a man with a maid, the way of a ship at sea, and the way of a Beaver in the Brook" are not easy to comprehend. That is so. If Lord Beaverbrook were an entirely comprehensible personality, he would not be such an interesting one. But he is one of the very few public men of to-day with the gumption to hit on a big idea and the energy to strive his utmost—and a pretty powerful utmost it is—to get it put into operation.

By Wilson Fenning

"Don't you *ever* play from music, my good man?"

"Lumme, no, sir. I always plays by 'earsay!"

must

Sasha

Ada May and Mark Lester indulge in a few mutual confidences in the locker room of the golf clubhouse. A scene in the bright musical comedy, "Follow Through," at the Dominion Theatre

Imperial Free Traders do not become such in order to oblige Lord Beaverbrook, but because they believe—and I think they are right—that Imperial Free Trade is the best, if not the only, way of preventing the Empire falling to pieces, and even worse evils than that. There are, of course, those who wish that the Empire would fall to pieces and become one vast Russia, where bishops are roasted instead of the Christmas turkeys, and the only form of cracker is the crack of the rifle in the execution yard. That is another story and a foul one. Yet I can think of few, if any, of those who are, or have been, associated with Lord Beaverbrook who would not do a good deal to help a man whose sympathy, kindness, and unbounded private generosity they know so well.

I AM always coming across Scrooge-like and disgruntled mortals who declare that they loathe Christmas. They hate, or say they hate, the crowded shops, the fairy lights, the toy-sellers on the pavement, the giving—and even the receiving—of presents. They would like to see the Spirit of Carnival buried at the cross-roads, with a Christmas tree in his heart as a stake, and the snow piled "deep and crisp and even" over the corpse of Good King Wenceslas. Restaurant festivities at this time of year they dislike above all things. Usually they are prematurely old young men and women who consider that to display any form of excitement in public is bad form.

I ADMIT that one of the most unconsciously amusing of London's annual spectacles is when total strangers join hands in a restaurant and sing "Auld Lang Syne" (at three guineas a head). But people who sneer at Christmas and refuse to suck what enjoyment they can out of it while the digestion and the bank balance are in working order do not realise what they miss.

Stage Photo Co.

Expressions in woe and desolation as registered by some of the cast of "Dear Love," the musical play now running at the Palace Theatre. The doleful quintette seen above are Sydney Howard (left), Kate Cutler, Claude Hulbert, Lisa Coleman and Ena Grossmith

PUTTING BACK THE DINNER-HOUR

AN IDYLL OF THE MISTLETOE SEASON—

Elliott and Fry

Miss Yolande Fayre, a clever young actress who is rapidly making a name for herself on the stage. She was recently playing at the Chelsea Palace in "A Bill of Divorcement"

NOWADAYS the theatres have not only to face cinema competition but something even more menacing—a change of habit. Seven o'clock in Queen Victoria's time was usually fixed for dinner, but now eight o'clock, or even later, is the rule rather than the exception. At the Trocadero the other evening I found a "full house" at 9 p.m., and diners were coming in later than that! And those diners find no reason for seeking entertainment elsewhere afterwards, for having satisfied the inner man under the benign guidance of the mâitre d'hôtel, Maurice, that versatile personage starts an admirable after-dinner show by singing songs so well that it recalled the fact that the Trocadero was once a music-hall.

SUCH a well-known entertainer as Will Hay—complete with pupils—was included in the bill, while a spice of novelty was added by the appearance of W. T. Tilden, who chatted about his lawn tennis experiences. The story I liked best was one which dealt with a match played at Edgbaston, where a very wet court made the ball difficult to time. In consequence Tilden made many winning shots off the wood of his racket, much to the annoyance of the opposition. After about the tenth of these flukes the game was held up for a moment while the ex-champion extracted a fly from his eye. "What's the matter?" inquired his opponent. "A fly in my eye," explained Tilden. "Hell!" was the curt counter, "I thought it must be a splinter!"

SINCE the hour of dining in the West End is steadily getting later, if it is not being largely obliberated, the bigger restaurants find it difficult to accommodate numbers of guests who turn up for supper every night, but some look with sadness upon an array of empty tables from eight o'clock until after the theatres. The reason for it is that theatre-goers nowadays usually take a slight repast at home and make up for the fasting by a good supper. Even those who do dine select an hour of anything up to ten o'clock. The problem for the restaurants is how to get the diners? I am constantly being asked to find a solution. One such solution is that there is getting to be too much cabaret, and restaurants that lower the lights and serve a dinner that is getting tepid because a performer may not be disturbed are asking for trouble. If I conducted a first-class restaurant I should serve dinner at a very moderate price, and if I had any cabaret turn it would be something that did not interfere with the gastronomic activities of my visitors.

CHEZ QUAGLINO, at any rate, seems to have solved the mystery. His restaurant is booked for luncheon, dinner, and supper. He has an admirable way with his dining guests by inviting them to return after the

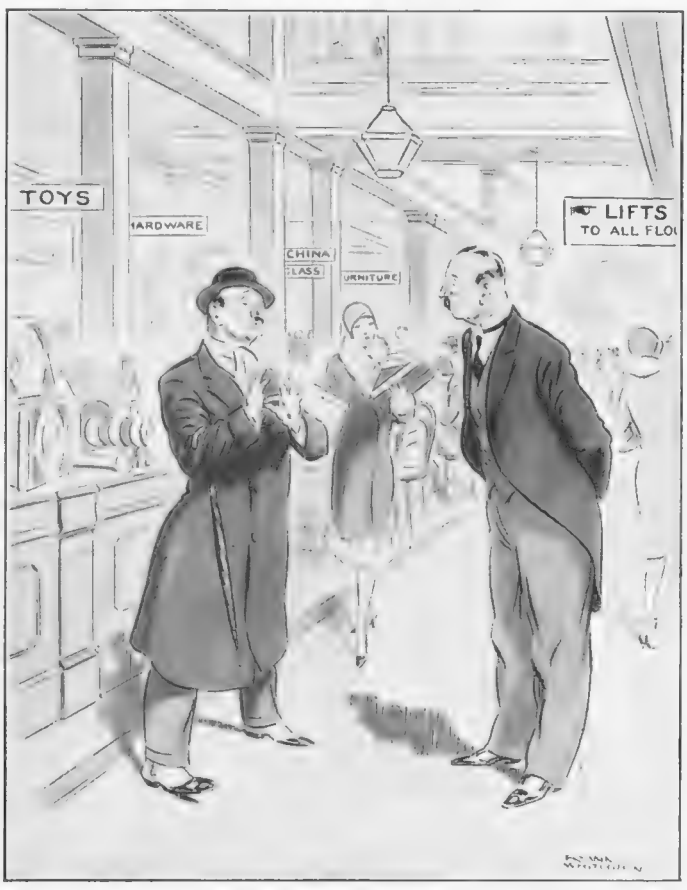
BY JEFFRYES

"Now, officer, I understand there was an attempt at bribery?"
"Yes, sir. But a very poor attempt!"

HOW TO MAKE A RESTAURANT PAY

A STORY THAT NEEDS NO WORDS

By D. L. Ghilchick



By Frank Whitburn

Shopwalker (*at mammoth stores*): "What would you like to see, sir?"
Festive Customer: "Well—hic—jesh run through what you've—hic—got!"

theatre, reserving a table for them and informing them that he does not wish them to spend a penny piece unless they desire. This is greatly appreciated. He has a first-class small orchestra, and people can dance without interruption. The Hotel Cecil is now filling up for dinner and supper. Why? A first-class dinner is served for 12*s.* 6*d.*, the dance floor is perfect, the orchestra plays splendid waltz-time music, which people are liking more and more, and there is no pretentious cabaret. The Piccadilly, where I dined the other night, is attracting more diners, but should be full every night, for the price is moderate, its dance floor is one of the best in London, and its orchestra second to none, its dance music being broadcast more than any other. In the Grill-room, where the conditions are very similar, and where the cabaret is very clever, Jerry Hoey's orchestra plays, and an excellent dinner is served for 8*s.* 6*d.*, presided over by Zappelini.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

A few hints for those readers who have not yet bought all their Christmas presents.

THOUGH Bernard Shaw might not adore
A trumpet or a drum,
Since modesty assures that he
Remains discreetly dumb,
A gift that might arouse delight
In Jimmy Maxton's breast
Is one year's sub. to some "Blue" club
(The Carlton would be best);
Or if this gift did not intrigue,
Election to the Primrose League.

And then a gift that well might lift
The gloom from Epstein's brow
And make him cry, "I vow that I
Am really happy now,"
Would be to get a mounted set
Of pictures bright and gay
Done by that late-lamented great
Man, Marcus Stone, R.A.,
Or if they're too "advanced" a school,
The Crystal Palace worked in wool.

But please don't send my boxing friend,
Phil Scott, a turkey fat,
One foul he's had—not "high," though bad—
He won't want more of that—
But there's no doubt that if you're out
To give a gift that should
Raise Stanley B. from lethargy
And do his Party good,
Please send to Baldwin quite a lot
Of ginger very extra hot! B. W.

Zelda and John Juan, the clever dancers who are well known to many cabaret-goers in the West End. They have recently been fulfilling a successful engagement at the Kit-Cat Restaurant

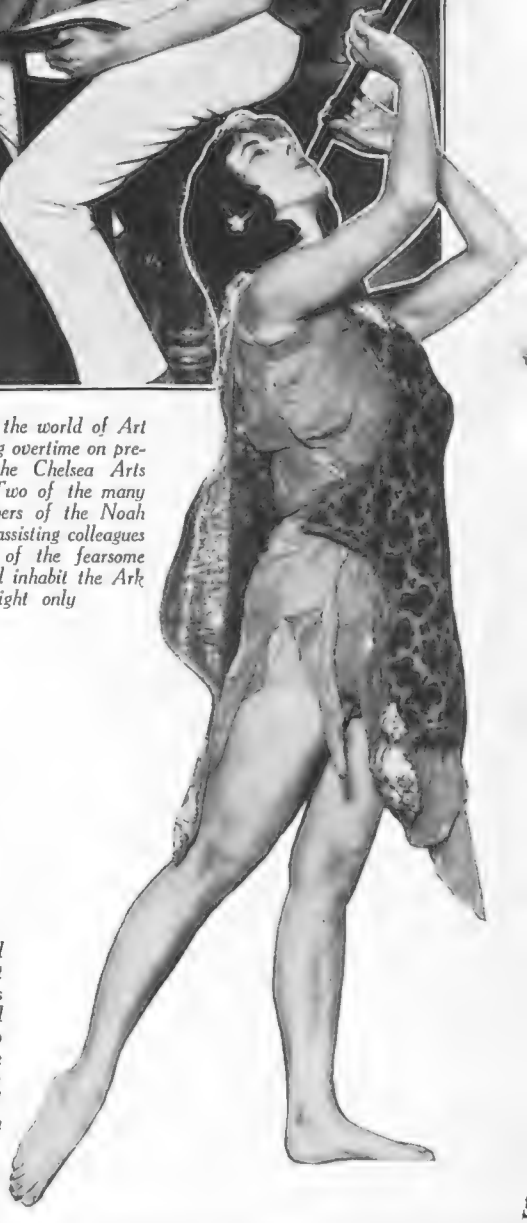
FUN and FROLIC for NEW YEAR'S

Above : Miss N. Baring is seen in the striking Noah's Ark costume she will wear at the New Year's revel

For weeks past the world of Art has been working overtime on preparations for the Chelsea Arts Ball. (Above) Two of the many temporary members of the Noah family are seen assisting colleagues to prepare one of the fearsome animals that will inhabit the Ark for one night only

"YOUTH IS ON THE WING"

Miss Lillian Boldron, who will be seen as a Butterfly at the Chelsea Arts Ball. The costumes promise to be more artistic and more varied than ever this year



Although Noah will be well to the fore at the Chelsea Arts Ball, the great god Bacchus will not go unhonoured. Above is seen Miss Eleanor Ponsonby, who will attend the Ball as a Bacchante

EVE: REVELLING at the CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Humans will not have it all their own way at the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve, for the favoured inhabitants of Fairyland will also be there, and two young Dragonflies which will stretch their wings over the dance floor are seen above

On the left is seen Miss Eileen Hawthorne, who will bring a touch of the Orient to Kensington Gore in the Chinese costume she will wear. She is one of Mr. Augustus John's famous models

THE theme for the great Chelsea Arts Club Ball, which will take place at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, is "Noah's Ark," and the adopted descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet in the art schools and studios are hard at work devising and preparing scenery, figures and costumes for the great night. Fancy dress is always compulsory at the Chelsea Arts, and some of the many striking costumes which will be a feature of the proceedings are seen on these pages

Miss Grizelda Hervey in fine feather for the Chelsea Arts Ball. She is playing Lady Sneerwell in "The School for Scandal," at the Kingsway

FLASHES FROM THE PAST

Hadrian and the Roman Wall

By A. P. GARLAND

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

"The brand of Christian . . . is not nearly as good as it used to be"

(The curtain rises to disclose the Emperor Hadrian in Roman toga seated on a stool, while another Roman kneels before him with writing tablets in his hand.)

HADRIAN: From what paper?

REPORTER: *The* —— *Star,* Sire.

HADRIAN: What won the Three-Thirty at Eboracum?

REPORTER: Amor Nautæ.

HADRIAN *(with a look of dismay):* Amor Nautæ?

REPORTER: Yes, Sire. By three lengths.

HADRIAN: Was Tibicen placed?

REPORTER: No, Sire.

HADRIAN: Curse that Keeneye of Cursus! He told me I could put my imperial shirt on Tibicen. Well, what have you come for?

REPORTER: Sire, now that your famous wall has been completed, our registered readers would like to have your views about it.

HADRIAN: Well, here's the whole story. We had to do something to keep those perishing Picts and Scots out of England. There were too many of them here already, holding a lot of the fat jobs. And it wasn't a bit of good trying to fight them. They're mostly picked men. Ha, ha, ha—that's not so bad. *(He looks at reporter's bewildered face.)* Don't you get it? Or are you a blinking Scotsman yourself? Picked men—Picts and Scots, see? *(Reporter bursts out into high-pitched laugh. Hadrian looks at him in horror.)*

HADRIAN: Say, I'd get my adenoids pruned if I were you, young man. *(He gives a convulsive wriggle.)* Damn that cursed laundry. They sent me back a shirt marked "Q. Fabius" that's all saw edges. I'll bet my poor old torso looks like a music score at the moment. Anyhow, to continue my story, I made up my mind to get a wall built to dam the spate of men from the North.

REPORTER: Did you consult the augurs, Sire?

HADRIAN: Not on your life. An augur is too apt to be a bore. Ha, ha.

HADRIAN: Well, as I was saying, I gave the contract to good old Balbus to build the wall, and as he's been at the game so long, he did it in style. From now on any Scot who wants to get into England will have to swim round.

REPORTER: That will teach them to keep their distance.

HADRIAN. Keep their distance, my eyeball! You've no idea what they are like. Do you know what the dirty dogs are doing now? Every night, under the cover of darkness, they come close up to the wall and play non-stop funeral dirges on the bagpipes! There were three mental cases among the sentries last night. That's not what I call fair fighting.

REPORTER: Have you started reprisals, Sire?

HADRIAN: Have I not? I combed out all the men with cleft palates, and I've put them on as a chorus to sing the Tiber Boat Song on the wall, working a steady fourteen-hour day. The only thing for the Scotchmen to do will be to retreat or to take to drink.

REPORTER: And now, Sire, what are your future plans?

HADRIAN: My first intention is to annihilate the laundryman who sent me this shirt.

REPORTER: I mean in public affairs.

HADRIAN: Well, when I get back to Rome I'm going to reorganise the Colosseum. The box-office returns show a falling off. The audiences have been complaining that the brand of Christian that is being thrown to the lions is not nearly as good as it used to be. That's the sort of thing that leads to discontent and Bolshevism. You bet I'll shake things up. Also, I'm going to try and solve the problem of parking places for chariots in Rome.

REPORTER: One more point, Sire. It is rumoured that when you laid the foundation stone of your wall you omitted the usual observance of burying a number of gold coins underneath.

HADRIAN: I did—and for a very good reason. Suppose those blooming Scotsmen heard that there was even one gold coin under the wall, ask yourself what chance we'd have of preventing them from uprooting the whole structure in half a night.

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CHRISTMAS SNAP-DRAGONS

A POEM has recently appeared in praise of the old-fashioned Yule log. It might be described as the perfect Yule Log-y.

* * * *

STRANGELY enough a muggy, snowless Christmas is often considered a "frost."

* * * *

IN Scotland, Christmas celebrations are slight compared with those that herald in the New Year. There is, however, a move on foot to postpone them until February to enable purchasers of presents to take advantage of the January sales.

* * * *

A FAMOUS novelist has been distinguishing himself on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz, but he had a distinct advantage over the other visitors. He has been skating on thin ice for years!

* * * *

JOKES about small boys who overeat themselves at Christmas are no longer popular. In fact, it is not only the children who are getting "fed up."

* * * *

Nine gifts we never welcome are:
A cheap and odorous cigar,
A walking stick of tiny size,
And seven knitted, home-made ties.

* * * *

MANY a man who spends too much on rich food and wine at Christmas experiences the draught—when the doctor calls.

* * * *

A FATHER of seven remarks bitterly that this should be known as Christ*mess* time.

* * * *

"WELL, it's haul for the best," as the burglar remarked as he decamped with the silver and plate on Christmas Eve.

* * * *

MANY a man whose small son gets a gramophone for Christmas, gets the "needle" himself.

* * * *

Hot punch without a "punch" I can endure,
Brandy that has no brand I'll try as well;
But of one fact I'm very, very sure,
Some mistletoe with a miss is—hell!

* * *

TALKING of mistletoe, one cannot help admiring the young man who was caught by his host kissing the latter's charming wife and excused himself by saying he was suffering from an attack of "berry-berry"!

* * *

WE like the story of the little lady who ordered a bunch of forced mistletoe from her florist last August so that she could go into strict training.

* * * *

THE husband who returned home on Christmas Eve considerably the worse for wear and attributed his condition to unfortunate laps was not far wrong.

* * * *

WHICH brings to mind the old story of the man who, returning in the wee sma' hoors, found an indignant wife waiting up for him.

"Where on earth have you been, you brute?" she demanded.

"I wash talkin' to a barmaid for three hoursh," he retorted with simple dignity.

"Talking to a barmaid for three hours! What on earth had a girl like that to say to you?"

"No!"

* * * *

"ROBERT says bobbing is so thrilling he's going to write a poem about it when he comes back from Switzerland."

"I should love to see Bob's-lay!"

* * * *

WITH so many fond parents racing off to buy Santa Claus costumes, Willie Clarkson must be swearing by the Beard of the Profit.

* * * *

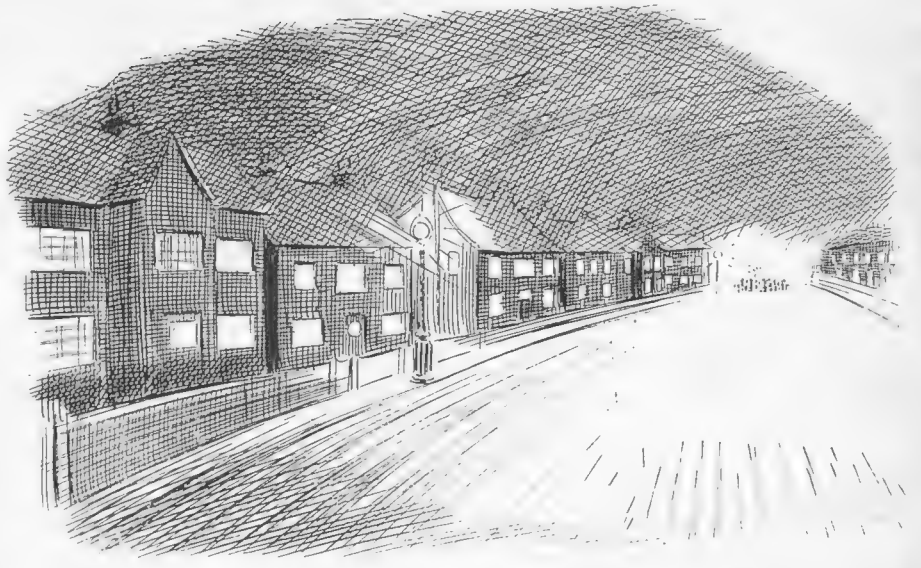
A rich young ass, a scheming lass;
Some mistletoe at Yuletide;
A shady nook, a baited hook,
And there's another fool tied!

* * * *

THERE are two types of young men nowadays. Those whose ambition is to be regarded as champion "six-eighters," and those who are content to be expert "three-quarters."

* * * *

For men who are modest, retiring and meek,
I offer this topical tip;
The girl who is known to have plenty of cheek
Will often give plenty of lip!



This is how our road appeared when the waits arrived at one end of it and—

SKETCHES BY WILSON FENNING

This is how it appeared before they were half-way through the first verse!

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE NIGHT

By JOHN TALLAND

HALF-WAY along the gentle rise of Windmill Hill an ingenious erection of old tarpaulins sheltered a solitary figure. From time to time this figure moved from the radiance of the sizzling, crackling coke fire in the punctured bucket and ambled gently to one or other of the innumerable red paraffin lamps that served the triple purpose of warning the incautious that the road was "up" and dangerous to pass, of converting the normally suburban street to a sort of fairyland as the red lamps flickered and twinkled in the dusk; and finally of giving employment to old "Batty" Tooth.

The workmen had departed, leaving Batty in undisputed guardianship of their picks and shovels, ropes, sledge-hammers and what not. They had gone their noisy, raucous ways, leaving delectable trails of shag tobacco over their shoulders on the still night air, and a few spit-marks on the pavement near by; and because they, in common with humanity generally, were imbued with the spirit of Christmas, old Batty was richer by sundry little paper twists of mixed sugar and tea, and hunks of bread and cheese left over from the day's rations, and odd fragments of tobacco. All very acceptable to one whose Christmas was to be spent in solitary state, guarding the upturned Windmill Hill road, with only the crackling, whispering fire to talk to, and look at, and occasionally spit into.

Batty Tooth's weak eyes watered as he stared into the wavering blue flames of his fire. He gathered with his tongue the stray ends of his whiskers into his mouth and blew them out again. His tattered old bowler hat was perched respectably on the front of his head. His hands as he sat were thrust deep into the pockets of what had been a gentleman's coat of thick Melton cloth—now sadly the worse for wear and for the stains of clay and paraffin oil and bacon fat.

Already the advance guard of Christmas Eve shoppers had passed along to their homes on Windmill Hill. (It was hardly a hill, being but a gentle slope, but that was the name of it.)

EVERY man, woman and child carried parcels. Large parcels and small, long and short, thin and fat—all mysterious. All (you could bet) contained presents. All secret. All very nice for the morrow. Old Batty looked at the retreating forms as they passed into the distance. How they hurried along! How eager they were to get home! To where the log fires burned and hot meals and hot drinks waited. Not many of them had a thought for him. One or two "Good nights" had floated towards the shelter from the men, but very few, considering all things; one lady had stopped and given him sixpence. But how could he spend that now—with the nearest pub so far away and Christmas right on top of him—and all his shopping done? (Which was exactly nil, having no family or "relations" to consider.) So it lay in his trousers pocket with the clasp knife and the few odd pence, and it helped to beguile the hours away to think how it could be spent.

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LIGHTS appeared and disappeared in the windows of the houses. No doubt the occupants were flitting from room to room—hiding presents, or playing games, or looking for the places where the drinks were kept, or dressing up or something. This was different from other nights, this eve of Christmas. There was an expectancy, an electric thrill, a jollity in the very air.

And what a lot of bother and to-do it all was about nothing!

Christmas! What was that? The celebration of religion. Well, he wasn't religious, except when Martha had been buried, and that was years ago. Gor! they'd kept up Christmas then right and

WATCHMAN

Illustrated by Abbey

proper, with coloured papers, and all the neighbours coming into the house to see what it was like and for what they could get. But that was years ago, and since then all Christmases had been alike—much the same. Caretaking houses, roads—anything. All very dull and unprofitable.

It was a clear, still night. There was frost in the air, and only a few stars showing through gaps in the clouds. It held a promise of snow. Old Batty shivered to think of it. Snow would not improve matters. He peered around fretfully at the thought and hunched into his coat.

A soft footfall sounded from behind the screen of tarpaulin, and a burly figure materialised beside the coke fire. It was a constable—a huge, clean-shaven young man.

"Evening," volunteered Batty.

The policeman spread his large hands to the warmth. "You on here for double shift?" he inquired. But his voice showed no real interest in the query. What did it matter to him?

"Yes," grunted old Batty. "Forty-height howers. Got any terbacca you don't want to be carrying round?"

"Then, when the young men were still wondering whether to organise a search, old Batty reappeared"

"Don't smoke," replied the constable. "You've got a good fire here. Wouldn't mind sitting in front of it meself. You've got a nice job, I must say."

Old Batty grunted. He commenced to charge a very old and very foul clay pipe.

"I got some tea," he said later.

"I'll be round," said the constable, and moved away on his slow, aimless march. Batty watched him disappear into the darkness and grunted again. He was trying to beat his wits into giving some suggestion of how to take the most advantage from the enforced companionship of this other, superior and wealthier, co-watcher of the night. The effort was too much. Ideas had never come to him when demanded. Mostly they came, if at all, at such times when they were of no earthly value. He relapsed into an unthinking, unblinking contemplation of the coke fire.

The hours dragged by. Distantly the traffic noises rose and fell like waves beating on a rocky shore. The sky in one direction reflected the electric flashes from trains; in another it became ominously darker with banked clouds. It looked bad—too much like snow by far.

"God bust it," prayed Batty, and he tapped out his pipe before proceeding to place pieces of fresh coke on the fire bucket where there was most need. Then he turned into the dark recesses of the shelter and felt around.

His search revealed a loaf of bread, a hunk of rather dry cheese, three fat rashers of very fat bacon, and a piece of foreign, raw, wet meat called, by grace, a steak; half a piece of cake with currants (a bequest of Irish Mike earlier in the day); two paper screws of cocoa and three of tea with sugar mixed; and, lastly, one cold sausage.

With a screw of old newspaper he cleaned up the "bacon-shovel" and placed it over the fire, balancing the handle delicately. On the blade he placed one rasher of bacon and the cold sausage. The spit and crackle and the smell were most encouraging. From a bucket he filled a blackened billy-can with clear water and placed it on the glowing coals. He put one of the screws of tea on his seat. He hacked two slices from the loaf with the ancient clasp knife and fried them in the residue of bacon fat on the shovel. Then he sat and munched steadily.

If only he had a little whisky to go into the tea—what a drink that would make! Warming to old bones, a mellowing influence. The very thought was something to conjure with. Tea with whisky in it!

Finally he filled the old clay pipe, and with his fingers swiftly transferred a red cinder from beside the fire to the bowl, sucking at the broken stem until the blue smoke eddied around his head.

Ten o'clock struck in the distance. He counted the chimes aloud, and nearly stopped to curse because a gramophone and the shrill, wavering voices of carol-singing urchins almost drowned the last strokes. A slight breeze, icy cold to his hands and face, began to rustle dead leaves in the gutter. They crept along, whispering mournfully. Time was passing, and it seemed to Batty Tooth that as the old day gave place to the new all the cheerfulness, the thrill, the expectancy of Christmas Eve was dying. To-morrow the streets would be deserted, vacant, dead. On Christmas Day people stayed in their houses, eating and drinking. The streets would be colder for the absence of life. The prospect of sitting alone all day before the coke fire was not inviting. But, after all, what else was there for an old man to do? There were no friends to bring gifts. Perhaps it was precisely that reason, the absence of gifts, that made Batty Tooth most cynical and envious of his fellow-creatures. There is something about a present—even if it be only a screw of tea or piece of currant cake—that is pleasing. Something that is the very Spirit of Christmas. And Batty knew it.

Perhaps (and this was a pleasant thought to dwell upon) one of these householders would spare a thought for him to-morrow and send out a bottle of beer. Perhaps a bone to pick over. But perhaps not. Too many Christmases had he known pass by to put much trust in such a hope.

Eleven o'clock struck. There was no diminution of the traffic sounds. Footfalls still echoed along Windmill Hill. In the tarpaulin shelter the fumes of warm, smoky air begat a drowsiness. Old Batty's wrinkled eyelids rose and fell rhythmically, sleepily. . . .

"HEY!" It was a policeman standing in the yellow light of the fire. Another one. Shorter, squarer than the last. Batty opened his eyes, and immediately disliked him. He wasn't resentful at being wakened, but there was an air about this constable he didn't like. "Narsty," he thought. "Too officious like—always looking for trouble."

"Where's the young 'un?" he quavered. "Gone orf, 'as 'e? 'Ome to his nice bed?"

"Couple a lamps out," said the policeman in a voice that made Batty realise that joking was a sin. "Go and get e'm lit quick. And less shut-eye. I could have pinched all your tools. Get you in trouble—"

With that he turned and walked away, showing a resolute back. And Batty, trembling with indignation, hobbled along away from the radiance and the warmth into the cold night to relight the extinguished lamps.

Swinging along the pavement came a perky little man, neatly dressed in black and carrying in one warmly gloved hand a black bag. As he passed, in the light of a street lamp, he gave a cheerful "Good night, Watchman." And Batty touched his cap and said, "Good night, sir."

The man turned into one of the gates, fumbled for a latch-key, and then the front door shut with a gentle bang, leaving Batty to wonder on what manner of man was this who returned so late—without presents—and with a black bag.

HE had to think a long time before deciding that the man was a shopkeeper, bringing home his day's takings. And probably cheerful because trade had been so good that day. And from that Batty's thoughts roamed to the possibilities of burglars, breaking into houses, in the guise of Santa Claus, to rob shopkeepers of their takings.

He thought he saw skulking figures in the dark places where the trees bordered the road in front.

"An' a fat lot o' good that cop would be!" he muttered, shovelling more coke on to the fire.

The violent blowing of a whistle in the street disturbed the residents of Windmill Hill at about half-past one a.m. They were mostly asleep, but the whistlings, the shouts, and the banging of hastily opened windows as the alarmed householders rushed to seek the cause, brought practically every man from his bed.

They could hear old Batty's quavering voice piping.

"Thieves! Thieves! Stop 'em!" And half a dozen shouts of "Where! Where?"

"Over there! Two of 'em!" yelled Batty gesticulating violently and waving a huge pick-handle. He was hopping over his banks of upturned earth, and dodging along the trenches, as he shouted.

"I saw 'em," he piped. "Where's that 'ere policeman? After 'em! That's the way they goed! Oh, my old bones! I'd 'a' cotched the devils!" And away he went into the darkness, blowing his whistle and brandishing his pick-handle.

Lights appeared in every house, upstairs and down. Windmill Hill appeared as an avenue of blazing lights, while gas fires were lit and dressing gowns donned, and not a few revolvers surreptitiously slipped into pockets. A few young men appeared in the road partially dressed and with mufflers around their necks. They carried heavy sticks which they balanced and swung and tapped against the road as if to advertise the extreme utility of their particular weapon. And presently the policeman appeared, with the air of knowing exactly what it was all about.

"Who blew that whistle?" he demanded.

A chorus of voices answered: "The Watchman! He saw them—two men!"

"He's gone after them!"

"Which way did he go?"

"What were they like?"

"Where did they go?"

And everybody waved their arms and asked questions and answered them, and were quite unconscious of the cold, while the policeman produced a pocket book and looked at his watch, and made an entry; after which he moved up Windmill Hill, and was swallowed into the darkness.

THEN, when the young men were still wondering whether to organise a search, old Batty reappeared. He came into the circle of light cast by a street lamp.

There was a concerted move in his direction.

"Here he is!"

"Good old man!"

"Where did they get to?"

"Where were they?"

These and a dozen other questions were fired at him together. He shook his head sadly.

"Gorn," he said. "Gorn—the villains! My old bones couldn't catch 'em—the murderin' thieves! Two young 'uns they was. Over in the shadows there, by that 'ouse—." He waved an arm to the house of the little shopkeeper with the bag.

There was an exclamation:

"My house!"

"Aye," Batty answered. "But they've gorn. I chased 'em far as I could go. I 'ad to give up. My pore old bones—I'll go and sit me down by me fire. I'se not so young as I was—Where's that copper?" he demanded, looking around truculently.

"He's gone after them," someone volunteered.

Batty sniffed.

There was some murmuring and whispering in the crowd.

"Well, I've got a bottle of whisky," said a voice. "And I suggest——"

"So've I," said another.

"I have, too," said a third. "You all come along to my place and drink to this good fellow here—I insist! Come along, all of you——"

And he wouldn't be refused. . . .

THE snow commenced to fall just as dawn came up. At first a few powdering flakes, more like dust than snow, drifted into the corners. Then gradually as the light came Windmill Hill was transformed to unreality, with delicate traceries of white relieving the grimmer tones.

The earth works were hidden and disguised, the harsh mounds smoothed into graceful, undulating hummocks; and the black tarpaulin shelter was converted into a white castle. Within it Batty Tooth still sat upon his seat, his face to the fire. But his eyelids were closed. There was a beatific expression on his face, and four half-crowns in his pocket; and a drain of whisky still remaining in the bottle behind him.

By nine o'clock the swirling snow concealed everything. It was impossible to see across the road. Perhaps this was as well, because nobody who lived in Windmill Hill could know what his neighbours were doing. For instance, the maid from "Mon Abri" nearly bumped into young Cunningham-White as she was taking over the hot sausages for Batty's breakfast—but neither of them knew it.

And Isidore Green, the jeweller, who really had been carrying a considerable sum in the black bag for safe custody at home during the holidays, was only half a minute behind Mr. Polyglot (who had left a pair of warm gloves and two bottles of beer with Batty) when he strolled over with a bottle of port and a box of Flor de Cabagios.

So really the snow was a blessing in disguise because this sort of thing was going on all day, and except for the embarrassment of having to scrape on to a newspaper for future need, two of the four platefuls of turkey (so that the plates could be returned with grateful appearances) old Batty Tooth quite enjoyed Christmas Day.

That evening he was closely cross-examined again by the policeman, who was suffering considerably from chagrin at the escape of the criminals. And whether or not it was because of the lack of sympathy between them, or whether it was due to the unsettling influence of a startling mixture of potent beverages, will never be known, but Batty Tooth certainly incurred the everlasting enmity of that stern-faced constable (who had reported a full account of his own part in the affair).

"I oodn't take me solemn oath," he hiccupped, "that there was two on 'em. But I'd swear me daffy——" and here he looked in the direction of Isidore Green's snow-bound house and slowly shut one eye—"that there was one!"

FAMOUS JAZZ NOTES

BY PUYS

"MEAN TO ME"

FILM NOTES

MORE TALKIE SENTIMENT

A Dockside Cinderella : By Lionel Collier

Buster Keaton looking very Buster Keaton-ish in "The Cameraman," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer general release. This film is a refreshing change, being both humorous and—silent

In a succession of silent pictures, which includes "Seventh Heaven," Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have made sentimental love in sickly sentimental scenes which make some people feel homicidal and other sigh softly and say "How perfectly sweet, how charming!" Well, they are at it again, this time with words to match, in "Sunny Side Up," which is being presented at the New Gallery. Much to my own satisfaction, however, their love scenes are continually interrupted by comedy, dancing, and songs, though the songs and comedy can hardly be described as in the first flight of musical comedy achievement.

By the way, I wonder how long America is going to deluge us with this leg, song, and dance type of show? There seems to be no variety now that talkies have definitely captured the screen. First of all a crime wave overwhelmed us, then a whole battalion of back-stage shows, and now a sort of compromise between musical comedy, revue, and sentimental romance. There is this about "Sunny Side Up," that it does avoid "back stage," for which one may well be thankful. It has also, despite weaknesses, other points of interest.

The story does not really matter much, and is based on the old Cinderella theme. A charming little girl living in New York dockside meets a rich man whose fiancée neglects him. She helps him to make the other girl jealous, gets accused of being his mistress, but is finally vindicated by his mother finding her diary, which shows how pure and single-purposed she is. Of course, the rich lover has now discovered where his true love lies and acts accordingly, the fiancée being relegated to oblivion without demur.

David Butler, the director, has opened his picture with some very good atmospheric shots of New York's dockside tenements, and later he contrasts this with wealthy homes in Southampton effectively. In fact, so far as the technical side of the picture is concerned, there is a great deal to praise. But the story moves so slowly and is accompanied by such very American intonation that one's interest is never really held. In fact, the only voice which does not really grate on the ears is that of the butler, played by an Englishman, Peter Gawthorne. Janet Gaynor is appealing in person, but now that she is no longer dumb a great deal of that appeal appears to me to be lost. Her singing voice is amateurish, and I did feel that a throat lozenge of some sort would have improved it at times. Charles Farrell, too, has little vocal ability.

Jack Egan and Carmel Myers in "Broadway Scandals," a W. and F. production shortly to be shown privately

Janet Gaynor, who stars in the new Fox talkie, "Sunny Side Up," which will be generally released in January

THE dialogue is very weak, and is uttered at times as if some of the artists were delivering their lines at a children's party, with the intention of making each word clear to the little participants in it.

INDEED, the acting honours are entirely stolen by a Swede, El Brendel, whose foreign accent comes over much more softly and pleasantly. He is an excellent comedian, and though the material he is given to work on is very slight he makes the most of it.

TWO of the big scenes in the picture are in the nature of revue shows. The first is a Fourth of July open-air celebration in the dockside, and the other an elaborate charity show in Southampton. The first has good atmosphere, and the tunes are put over with good humour, expressing the amateurishness that is applicable to the environment.

THE charity affair is mostly taken up with a song-and-dance number entitled "Turn on the Heat." In this Eskimo women appear from their snow huts and start wriggling to such purpose that the snow melts and palm trees grow. Finally, their gyrations become so provocative that the earth smokes and bursts into flame. I do not pretend to be a moralist, but this sort of stuff has implications which are so distinctly lascivious and more suited to Dionysian mysteries than the screen that it seems strange that the censor should have given them a universal certificate. Also, at the charity concert some young children sing a love song first sung by the principals. It is excruciating.

Sally Starr, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer new find, looks as though she gets heaps of fun out of being photographed! She is now busy making "College Days" at Hollywood

HOWEVER, the stagecraft in these scenes is most ingenious. A water curtain is supplied by fountains, which is very effective and helps to do away with the idea of stage limitations. "Sunny Side Up" runs for two hours, and to me I must confess it seemed even longer, in spite of the oases of amusement it contained.

I HAVE not the space this week to deal with a very actionful picture of the American air service, called "Flight." It is notable as a talkie in spite of a slight and none too convincing story, because it does not sacrifice action for dialogue. The air sequences are the finest I have seen on the screen, and I propose to deal with it later.

L. C.

PARIS GOSSIP

TRYING TO KILL TIME

By Sylvia Lyon

THE week: charity bazaars, literary prizes, anti-American movie demonstrations, a German film closed by the police, the opening of the sausage season at the Ritz Bar, important furniture sales, utterly dissimilar salons.

At a bazaar held in the Hôtel George V, a girl friend of mine in charge of one of the booths had sent a card, just for fun, to General Gouraud. And just for fun, I suppose, he went, in mufti, and created such excitement that out of a total of four hundred thousand francs her counter profits were over forty thousand.

THE Prix Goncourt went to Marcel Arland, aged thirty, a professor at a school at Jouy-en-Josas, for "L'Ordre," a pessimistic after-the-War protest in three volumes, which strikes terror into the French heart, although a three-volume French work is no longer than the average English novel. The Prix Theophraste Renaudet went to Marcel Ayme, aged twenty-eight, for "La Table aux Crevés" and to Georges Bernanos, age unknown (by me), was awarded the Prix Femina for "Joie." Anyone who disapproves of these selections can blame them on the cuisine of the Restaurant Drouant, where the first-named juries meet at a yearly luncheon, or of the Cercle Interalliée, where the Femina jury meet and eats.

THE night of the Carnera-Stribling fight everybody seemed to be out, even if they did not attend the fight. Dining early at the uptown Prunier's, my attention was diverted from the fight prophecies flying about by the sight of Igor Stravinsky. Feeling very wicked, a boy friend and I decided that, having long ago reached the age of indiscretion, we might as well go to see "Chaines," the German film. Arriving promptly at nine o'clock we found the house sold out. "I will never see this picture," I complained, bitterly, "as soon as French officials learn what a success a German picture is having they will stop it and say it's all for purity." We then went up to the Moulin Rouge, where the Fox Follies is being shown. Sold out, too. Appealing to a fonctionnaire, he advised us to get places for the second performance. "All the smart people," he flattered us fatuously, "come at half-past eleven." "But what can we do until half-past eleven?" my companion asked. "Go and see some of the sights," he answered. My friend laughed to hide his injured feelings. "Ha, ha," he said, "we have been living in Paris for years." So then, of course, I became angry at him. "Sights," I said. "Disgusting!" So we started off to enjoy the evening in our best possible bad humours.

AT that hour there was nowhere to go except the Boeuf. We sat there a while and then went downstairs to the bar, where a pale negro sings marvellous songs in a perfectly beautiful bar-room voice. I mean, of course, a Parisian bar-room voice: effeminate. At a large table were the Princesses Marina and Elizabeth of Greece, chaperoned by one of their uncles, either Andrew or Nicholas, I always confuse them. Around twelve o'clock the place became suffocating, more and more people coming in after the fight. At the table in front of us four famous Left Bank ladies sat down. With perfectly timed theatrical gestures, they all took off their hats, revealing their shorn heads.

OF course I had to see a thing like that just when the negro was singing "That is how my story ends," and I felt very sad, and being already quite tight on my third cup of coffee since dinner, I started in to laugh and Edward said, in general disapproval, "We had better get out of this." So we rose, and just as I was thinking that I would never mention the Boeuf again unless I would find some news there, just like a magi, in reply to my wish, a voice whispered and a hand grabbed me. It was a boy I know who works at Jansen, the decorator. "News for you," he hissed. "Angel!" I said. "The Duchesse de Grammont is working for us." "Which one?" I asked." "The one who was a Ruspoli," he said.

THE next morning I learned that in missing the performance at the Moulin Rouge I had missed quite a lot. There was nearly a riot when people protested at the bad translations of English captions, and demanded to hear the songs in French. There is really no excuse for poor title translations, but I find the latter objection ridiculous. Nobody has to go to an American film. The following day the German "Chaines" was closed by order of the police.

RECENTLY I referred to the fact that on a subscription night's performance of Marcel Achard's *La Belle Marinière* at the Comédie Française, the audience booed and whistled. I had not seen the play at the time, not being an abonnée, thank God (imagine having to live up to that), but now I have seen it. And I cannot imagine why said subscribers were indignant, unless it was because their old, old-worldiness resented the shock of seeing an attempt at stage decoration.

THE sets were done by Paul Colin and are pleasing. In fact they are almost as modern as some sets Lee Simonson made in New York eight or ten years ago. I found the play delightful, although it cannot compare to Achard's *Jean de la Lune*. The action takes place on a river-barge that has nothing to do with "Anna Christie," and the strength of the play is that it isn't one of those big, strong, heavy sailor plays. Yonnel plays Sylvestre, the young man who is thrown across the path of the heroine, and plays very well besides making a good showing of his neck, one of the most beautiful necks I have ever seen.

NEXT week: Edouard Bourdet's *Le Sexe Faible* at the Michodière. Victor Boucher is Antoine, the maître d'hôtel of an hotel in the Place Vendôme. From what I gather, according to the criticisms of last night's opening, the play and cast are superb. The critics did not mention it, but I think that Antoine is Olivier of the Ritz.

S. L.

BY ALFRED LEETE

The Compliments of the Season!

SHOWS FOR THE

Christmas would not be Christmas without a circus, and Bertram W. Mills is filling the breach again this year. Below are seen some of the elephants and their fair trainer who are appearing in his Olympia Circus which opened on December 20

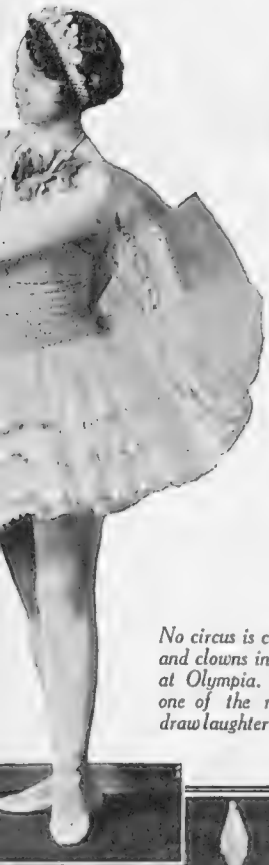
Poodles, Hannaford and Co. are among the many amusing folk who are entertaining visitors to Bertram W. Mills's Circus at Olympia Talent is drawn from all over the world for this show

Miss Gladys Cruickshank who is the Principal Girl in the pantomime at the Scala Theatre. "The Babes in the Wood" is the title of this year's pantomime

Robert Loraine who this year portrays that villain—and hero—of boyhood's romance, the one-legged Long John Silver in "Treasure Island." This play, founded on Robert Louis Stevenson's adventure story, is playing at the Strand

Pantomime rehearsals, w eve opening night, with its g mes

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS



No circus is complete without clowns, and clowns in plenty are to be found at Olympia. Seen above is Pauli, one of the many funny folk who draw laughter from children of all ages

Miss Adrienne Brune who plays the part of the Princess in "The Rose and the Ring." The stage version of Thackeray's entertaining book is being revived at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, this year

veryday clothes, their make-shift "props," and the vast, dark auditorium, with its dust covers and echoes, present a very different spectacle to that seen on the es, scenery, music and lights. Above: Julian Wylie, who has produced this year's pantomime at Drury Lane, is seen rehearsing Miss Eve Gray and Miss Lillian Davies, the Principal Girl and Principal Boy, in their parts

FLYING NOTES

Central Press

A wonderful aerial view of Central London taken during one of the Imperial Airways' "Argosy" machine's flights over the Metropolis. Waterloo Bridge is seen in the foreground, and then come Blackfriars, St. Paul's Railway, Southwark, Cannon Street Railway and London Bridges, whilst such buildings as St. Paul's, Waterloo Station, and the Royal Exchange can easily be picked out

CHRISTMAS IS IN THE AIR

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Greetings and Presents by 'Plane

THIS year, almost for the first time, the air mail has been used extensively all over the world for sending Christmas gifts and greetings. It was always something of a mystery to me how Santa Claus managed to arrive on my roof, and I now see that he must have been one of the earliest pilots. The children of to-day have few illusions about him. Ask your small son what he thinks, and he'll probably tell you that Father Christmas has a "Moth," which hovers over the house while the old man shins down a rope to "post" the presents in the chimney-pots. The old legend has been brought up to date by at least one private owner, who is visiting his friends this morning by air, dropping parcels and cards on to their respective lawns. In 1935, when Christmas Day will again occur on a Wednesday, readers of THE BYSTANDER may expect their copy of the 25th of December to be delivered by the aerial postman.

Any Port in a Storm!

THE growth of air traffic is already responsible for additions to London's circle of landing-grounds, which will all develop in the course of time into fully equipped airports. Croydon is the international airport, handling all main air line traffic; it is also used by A.D.C. Aircraft, Cirrus Aero Engines and Desoutter's for test and demonstration work, by Surrey Flying Services and the Henderson School for instruction and joy-riding and by private owners proceeding abroad. In a very short time a state of congestion will set in, and Croydon will be reserved for air line traffic only. On the west side of London, Heston is developing itself as an airport to cater for all private Continental traffic, and it could also handle the majority of internal air traffic destined for London. Hanworth Park is essentially a club aerodrome, combined with a fully equipped air-taxi rank. Stag Lane, which is the headquarters of the London Club, must become eventually a trade aerodrome, so that London will need a new site on the North. London is better provided with safe landing grounds than any other city in the world, there being eight in use at present, including R.A.F. stations. Two new private aerodromes are being opened early next year. The one at Addington, belonging to Henlys', is between the R.A.F. depot at Biggin Hill and Croydon, and will be used as a base for a South London aero club. The other, near Staines, is to be a trade aerodrome for the Fairey Aviation Company.

The Romance of Air Survey

THERE is one sphere in which flying has proved itself so valuable that no Government subsidy has been necessary, and that is in air survey work. It was several years after the War before the ground surveyor became convinced that the aerial photograph could assist him to make his maps, but one might say that the victory has been won and the aeroplane has definitely taken its place as the surveyor's principal instrument. It is in the unexplored and unmapped parts of the world where air survey is of most use. More than a hundred square miles of country can be photographed on a single fine morning, providing a week's work for the map makers on the ground. The fascination of flying is combined with exploring; the same wireless set which is used to take bearings can be tuned in to 2LO; what more interesting work could anyone desire? The leading British concern specialising in this work is the Aircraft Operating Company, which has just been awarded a contract by the Governor of Northern Rhodesia to map 63,000 square miles of what is practically unknown territory on the borders of the Belgian Congo. Mr. Alan Butler is chairman of the company, with Major Hemming, A.F.C., as managing-director, and Major Cockran-Patrick, D.S.O., M.C., is a director and also the chief pilot.

RECENT SHOOTING PARTIES

L.N.A.

WAITING FOR THE BIRDS

Major A. E. Burnaby, M.F.H., a member of the shoot given by Mr. W. Curzon Herrick, at Beaumanor. Major Burnaby is the Master of the Quorn

Topical

A GUN IN ACTION

Commander Sir Hercules Langrishe, R.N.V.R., bringing down a snipe during the shoot given by Colonel W. Selby-Lowndes. It was held at Whaddon Hall, Bletchley

Sport and General

Members of the shoot given by Mr. Dudley Docker, at Kenilworth, near Coventry. The photograph shows Mr. Norman Godfrey (left), Mr. Bernard Docker, the Duke of Atholl, Mrs. Dudley Docker, Mr. Follett Holt, Sir Wyndham Childs, Mr. Dudley Docker, Mr. Byrne and Mr. B. H. Cattell

SHOOTING NOTES

RAIN SPOILS SPORT

BY CLODHOPPER

British Illustrations

A photograph taken during Lord Harlech's shoot at Brogyntyn, Oswestry, Shropshire. The group shows the Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, M.P. (heir to Lord Harlech), Viscountess Ebrington, Viscount Ebrington, the Earl of Stair, the Countess of Stair, the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, Lord Harlech, Lady Harlech, the Hon. Imogen Rhys, the Hon. Charles Rhys, and Miss Sandbach

"THE damn barometer has turned upside down of late and shootin' and huntin' have become cruelty to man and beast," growled a brother foxhunter-shooter to me a few days ago. The glass certainly has been just a wee bit erratic in its movements of late, and between torrential rains, floods, and gales of hurricane strength, sport with horse and hound, gun and rod, has been practically impossible. Big covert shoots throughout the country have been postponed and many low-lying woods, spinneys and other good holding-covert for pheasants and ground-game, more especially such coverts as border upon rivers and streams, are hopelessly water-logged.

THOUGH most of the Midland packs of foxhounds have "carried on" bravely through "thick and thin"—it has been mainly thick—the going, particularly on the ploughs and semi-flooded water-meadows, has been so heavy that no sportsman with any regard for horseflesh would have attempted to gallop through it. Scenting conditions have also been particularly bad, generally speaking, and the few brace of foxes accounted for have mostly been "chopped" in covert. Thousands of acres in the Wreake Valley, between Melton Mowbray and Syston, have been inundated, while the Trent Valley side of the South Notts territory resembles nothing so much as an extensive lake, with just the tops of the hedgerows and gate-posts showing above the surface; while, here and there, a paddling of mallard or teal were to be seen resting in safety and well out of shot of the nearest patch of dry land. But it is a poor heart that never rejoices. The glass is rising by leaps and bounds as I write these Notes and, although sport has of late been bad enough, one is hopeful of good shooting and hunting before Christmas.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

THE KEEPERS' SUPPER

THE season of good cheer offers a reminder to owners of shooting that no function is so popular as a supper given to all who have had any connection whatsoever with the sport which has been enjoyed. Those who dwell in what are seemingly the most delightful districts sense nothing of the penalties of town life, but are painfully alert to the awful monotony of an existence furnished at no small cost to somebody with clubs and other amenities. Facing the situation as it stands, the shooting dinner is one of the most profitable investments that beneficence can make. On the dinner and its furnishings no advice is needed. These things are always well done. Every detail is perfect. Where intellect so often fails is in establishing the happy, rollicking atmosphere from the very start. The affable beforehands do little to unstick the varnished faces. Grace, supplemented with a frolicsome welcome to all present, with personal allusions to those on both sides of the salt, helps a lot: in fact, the chairman who can take on the part of witty fool for the occasion is thrice blessed. Success is not achieved till the barn roof echoes with voices as well as the clatter of cutlery. Speeches, witty, topical and as long as mirth can be made to flow, are better than dignified brevity. Leave fairly early and rest assured they will carry on till the small hours.

OUR Socialist friends and legislators at Westminster have been too busily occupied in such important matters of State as doles for errand-boys and pocket or pin money for board-school children (as a Public School boy, I was wont to consider myself passing rich on "three bob" a week pocket-money, plus a very occasional guinea "tip") to pay very much attention to the idle rich and their blood-sports recently. But a Scottish friend writes me to the effect that the powers that be are still nibbling at some of the Highland deer forests, with a view to acquiring the same—by compulsory purchase, of course—and converting them into small holdings. Having in my previous Notes referred to the futility of attempting to convert a deer forest into profitable cultivated land, I will waste no further space upon the subject. It would appear, however, that crofters and tenant farmers in some parts of the Highlands have been complaining of damage being done to roots and other crops on the borders of certain forests. This, one need scarcely add, has been sufficient to put the Socialist pack on the line of their legitimate quarry, the landowner, again.

THAT deer will do a certain amount of damage on cultivated lands cannot be denied. On the other hand, it is a case of "give and take" between proprietors and lessees of forests and the farmers and crofters and, with few exceptions, the relations which exist between laird and tenant are essentially of a most amicable nature; in fact, the latter almost invariably benefits by such arrangement.

IN looking through some old reports on Scottish deer forests I find that some forty-five years ago the Highlands and Islands Commissioners of that period recommended that the crofters should be granted an inalienable right to kill any deer found straying or damaging crops on agricultural land bordering on deer forests. A Bill was subsequently brought into the House of Commons to include deer in the Ground Game Act of 1881. The average M.P. of the 'eighties, however, was a man of intelligence, integrity and prescience; and the Bill was promptly "kicked" out of the House.

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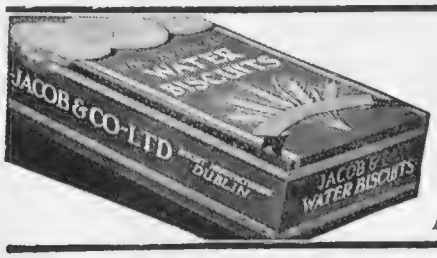

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SECRETARIES and SHOWMEN By Ralph Straus

One of the amusing illustrations by Lewis Baumer to "Winter Sportings." This entertaining book of verses by Reginald Arkell, is published by Herbert Jenkins at 7s. 6d. net

NOTHING is more delightful than the discovery of a new novelist who has a way of his own, something to say, and a fresh interpretation of some aspect of life. Nothing is more depressing—at any rate to the reviewer—than the discovery of a new novelist who has nothing in particular to say and is content to tell a very old story in a very old way. There are so many new novels published each month: why, one is tempted to ask, add unnecessarily to their number?

I KNOW, of course, that there is a large public which cares not one hoot about "art" or "the artist's message" or "form." Such people ask only to be interested or amused. They do not want anything particularly new. They do not mind the good old clichés so long as they can forget themselves for a time. And I shall be prepared to believe that quite a number of readers will find Mr. George Cornwallis West's first novel, *Two Wives* (Putnam: 7s. 6d.), very much to their taste.

BUT, to be candid, what a machine-made affair it is! All the characters seem to have strayed out of other books into Mr. West's pages; all of them talk like people in books; and there is not a single incident in the whole story which has not been described, right down to the last detail, hundreds of times before. I admit that it is quite a good story in its way, but there does come a time when one becomes a little tired of the same thing.

THIS is more or less what happens. The son of an impoverished Irish peer goes to France to learn the language. He is destined, as they say, for a diplomatic career. He falls in love with a beautiful young woman who runs a dressmaking business, and she falls deeply in love with him. But French milliners, it seems, are born to make dreadful sacrifices, and when she learns who he is she goes off—with the child. He returns to England, and marries the very modern daughter of a war-profiteer, who is so true to type that you instinctively know what he is going to say or do pages before Mr. West tells you.

THE wife, too, plays her part in the time-honoured way. No children for her; and when her husband shows signs of going on strike she remembers the nice manager in her father's works whom she ought to have married long before Sir 'Enery could afford a Rolls. And then, of course, the Frenchwoman's child is taken to London by its rascally grandfather to be adopted by a kind gentleman who turns out—equally, of course—to be its own father. The two "wives" meet, and there is a nice little divorce, and on the last page the Frenchwoman comes to the conclusion that she has now made quite enough sacrifices.

HAVE I put things a little too crudely? Have I made fun of a serious piece of work? I admit that Mr. West can be really interesting at times—in the fishing scenes, for instance—but this kind of story bores me stiff. Why couldn't the profiteer do something original? Why must the hero be the one person to answer the newspaper advertisement which asks for a kind gentleman to adopt a small child? The whole thing seems so unreal, so little worth doing. Mr. West had better keep to his historical work.

TALKING of the diplomatic service, however, reminds me that Sir Coleridge Kennard has written a really good novel about it. *Public Gardens* (Knopf: 7s. 6d.) has much to recommend it. It is written very quietly—in a minor key—and from beginning to end nothing particularly thrilling happens. And yet at the end you find not only that the veil has been most delicately lifted from a service about which many other novelists have talked the utterest nonsense, but also that you have come to know exceedingly well a little coterie of most likeable folk.

SIR COLERIDGE KENNARD

The author of the novel, "Public Gardens" (Knopf, 7s. 6d.), which is reviewed on these pages

AT the beginning of things he is a third secretary, and she is his fashionable wife. He is going to resign—who wants to be buffeted about to all the worst spots in the world?—and she, of course, cannot possibly live out of London. But somehow he never does resign, and she finds amusement even outside the West End. They continue to talk of resigning, but promotion comes, and new friends are made, and—well, of course, nobody can be expected to sacrifice a "career" so satisfactorily begun. There come little scandals—he has an eye for a pretty face—and even excitements, before he can put K.C.M.G. after his name, but Sir Coleridge maintains the quiet note that he struck at the beginning, and this is exactly as it should be.

I FOUND this book really entertaining. It is so refreshing to read about ambassadors and other important folk without stolen treaties and vamping spies sprawling, so to speak, on every page. You feel that this is a true picture of life in the Legations. There is no machine at work here. *Public Gardens* may disappoint admirers of the late William Le Queux, but it should delight almost everybody else.

THE LATEST CRAZE: A BALLET ON SKATES

A SKATING BALLERINA

Miss Freda Whitaker, the well-known exhibition skater, rehearsing with her partner, Alfredo. She will be the ballerina in the permanent ice cabaret at the Hammersmith Ice-Drome

IT was only a short time ago that dancing was so firm a favourite that the idea of it being outrivalled was almost unthinkable. Now, however, skating has already started to put its nose—or rather, toe—out of joint, and skates and ice are beginning to supersede patent leather and parquet. The new order of things is clearly reflected at the new Hammersmith Ice-Drome, which opens on December 30. This vast ice-rink, the largest in London, is on the site of the Palais de Danse, a former Mecca of dancing people

"DANCE, LITTLE LADY"

Miss Muriel Lambton and Miss Elina Munro, two of the clever members of the ballet which is to be a regular feature at the Hammersmith Ice-Drome

Photographs *THE MODERN CORPS DE BALLET* *Sasha*

Now that skating is so popular the dance instructress gives way in many instances to the skating expert, and the new order of things is reflected in the above photograph of Miss Freda Whitaker's Skating Girls, who will be seen at the Hammersmith Ice-Drome, which opens on December 30

By Rick Elmes

"The Professor always was a big boy. Just look at him joining in with the children!"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 730)

ANOTHER novel which makes interesting reading is Mr. Arthur Train's *Illusion* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is an American story which, incidentally, provides an amusing commentary upon American snobbery.

S

YOUNG Carlee Tharp had an aristocratic grandmother, it is true, but he belongs by birth and upbringing to the circus. He is good-looking, however, and has a pleasant manner, and he can play cards very well. And so he migrates from Broadway to Fifth Avenue, and becomes "smart," meets a real Queen, and almost marries an heiress.

S

BUT are things quite as pleasant as they seem to be? And is he wise to leave the good folk of the circus, and in particular the charming Felicity (who allows people to shoot real bullets at her on the stage)? For some time he plays a double game, but the game has its dangers, and in the end he is well content to make an end of pretence, and I for one do not blame him for preferring a good job on the boards to New York's "smart" society.

S

THERE are faults in the book, but it is distinctly attractive, not least so because it gives you such vivid peeps "behind the scenes." I was a little worried about Carlee's love for his step-sister, but after consulting the Tables of Affinity found that there is no good reason why he should not have married her at any moment. R. S.

Smiles from Switzerland

WE, as a nation, are always accused of taking our pleasures sadly, but the fact remains that, whether this be true or not, there is no doubt that we can find plenty to laugh at in the sporting trials and tribulations of our compatriots. Switzerland, with its tyro and expert skiers, its bobbing and skating enthusiasts, and its grave and reverend seigneurs—often imported direct from Caledonia stern and wild—who devote serious hours to "sooping 'em oop" on the curling rink, offers the humorist a rich harvest of fun. In *Winter Sportings*, an amusing book of verses by Reginald Arkell, profusely illustrated by Lewis Baumer, which is published by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., at 7*s.* 6*d.*, all sorts and types of winter sports and their followers come in for a deal of good-natured chaff. BYSTANDER readers will recognise some of the poems as having appeared in these pages, but whether the poems come freshly or not they will certainly amuse, whilst the illustrations are in the artist's happiest vein.

Authors and Their Books

Art and Nonsense and other Essays, by Eric Gill, just published by Cassell, has the inestimable value of being written by an artist and not simply by an art critic. These essays, we are told, are remarkable for their content, their lucidity, and their close reasoning—the writer's clarity of thought is a relief and a contrast after so much sentimental and nebulous writing about art and the artist. He makes art intelligible to the ordinary man. The ordinary edition will be £1 1*s.* net, and 100 special large paper copies, printed on hand-made paper, numbered, and signed by the author, at the cost of five guineas, will be available.

Christmas Cards

We have received some charming calendars and Christmas cards from Messrs. Faulkner. I feel sure the "Great Thoughts" calendar will be very popular; it gives quotations from Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, Disraeli, Martin Luther, Dickens, Bacon, Shelley, and many others. There are calendars for every taste—with pictures of dogs, flowers, etc., and attractive little cut-out lucky black cats. Among Tuck's Christmas novelties are some tiny gramophone records of nursery rhymes like "Hey, Diddle Diddle" and "A Song of Sixpence" that are sure to increase the kiddies' enjoyment of Christmas a hundredfold. Tuck's Christmas cards are as varied as usual, and their Cute Kiddies series of quaint and humorous children, drawn by Beatrice Mallet, are very amusing.

Novel Calendars

Messrs. Delgado, Ltd., sent us some delightful calendars: these belong to a series of five—"The Punch Calendar," "The Rudyard Kipling Calendar," The Stanley Baldwin Calendar," "The Dean Inge Calendar," and "The Marian Cran Calendar." They are all interesting, but the latter particularly so; it will delight lovers of beautiful gardens and flowers. (3*s.* 6*d.*) Among all these calendars and cards we were very pleased to receive a parcel of those very useful At-a-Glance Calendars sent us by the At-a-Glance Calendar Company.

Fashions Fancies

EVENING FROCKS MUST HAVE THEIR MATCHING COATS

Silver, peach, and orange brocade expresses the dignified ensemble on the left. The coat is enriched with brown fur. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, who also sponsor the white crêpe de chine dress, with its complementary wrap

MILLINERY FORECASTS FOR THE SPRING

By Olive Caley Smith

A shady black tagal Riviera hat, and a natural baku model, with a pleated side, from the Army and Navy Stores

Brims Return to Favour

GRACEFUL brims, not necessarily very wide, but softly curved, are an interesting feature of many of the hats which are being worn on the Riviera, for the fashions that are seen there now will come to England in the Spring. Iridiscent feathers are used for piquant little caps, one of the most fascinating of which, in pearly waxed feathers, with a vivid green tint, had Mercury-like wings springing from each side. The large hat sketched at the head of this page is made of tagal, and is a copy of a Maria Guy model. The second is a faithful reproduction of a Marie Alphonsine bonnet, and is carried out in natural baku. Both are available for 49*s.* 6*d.* at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, and so is the béret with the matching scarf, expressed in black embossed velvet that closely resembles broadtail. Copied from the original by Maria Guy, the price is 98*s.* 6*d.*

Coiffures for Englishwomen

ONLY an artist in hairdressing can successfully emphasise the charm and individuality of varying types of beauty. A visit to the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, invariably proves a revelation, for here the creation of lovely coiffures is brought to perfection. Nowhere is the art of permanent waving better understood, for they are able to produce loose, broad waves, or soft curls, as desired. Their La Naturelle transformations and head-dresses, for which they are renowned throughout the world, give the impression of a wealth of natural hair actually growing from the scalp. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that "The Times" system of payment by instalments has been adopted in these salons. Full particulars may be found in the profusely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free.

All-weather Protection

ONLY once a year does the opportunity arise to secure Aquascutum garments at reduced prices. Their sale is now proceeding, and no one can afford to neglect the very advantageous offers that are being made. For instance, admirably cut tweed wraps are available for only £3; proofed coats may be secured for £5; and supple leather coats, which would be ideal for travelling or motoring, range in price from 6 guineas. A visit should be paid to 100, Regent Street without delay in order to avoid disappointment.

Well Shod—Well Armed

IT is certainly a beau geste on the part of the Saxone Shoe Co., 229, Regent Street, to make the commencing date of their sale the 23rd of December. All lizard welted walking shoes have been reduced from 30*s.* to 19*s.* a pair, semi-monk shoes in brown willow calf, combined with python, being available for the same price. Black suède and lizard Court or strap shoes cost only 15*s.* a pair, as do hand-made crêpe de Chine shoes in all colours, ornamented with buckles of brilliants.

Figured velvet, closely resembling broadtail, is used for this attractive béret and triangular scarf

Tailored Suits and Frocks

SPLENDIDLY tailored coat frocks of either wool georgette or wool marocain, for 2½ guineas; or in tweed for 3 guineas; figured chiffon velvet frocks for 5 guineas; and double- or single-breasted tweed suits for 3½ guineas—these are some of the remarkable offers being made during H. J. Nicoll's Winter Sale, which commences on December 30, at 114, Regent Street, and continues throughout January. There will be a discount of 15 per cent. off the price of all made-to-measure garments, while hunting folk will find many bargains in riding kit.

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Three charmingly youthful coiffures created at the Maison Georges, where individuality is studied

MARJORIE WHITE

The film star caught in the act of proffering a little lip-service to her screen admirers. She and El Brendee contribute much of the humour to the new Fox Films talkie, "Sunny Side Up," which has already been seen over here

GEORGE WHITELAW'S "WHO'S ZOO"—No. 4

In the fourth of his new series of caricatures George Whitelaw shows us one of our leading comedians, who, although there is certainly nothing fishy about him, is seen in a finny—and funny—guise

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

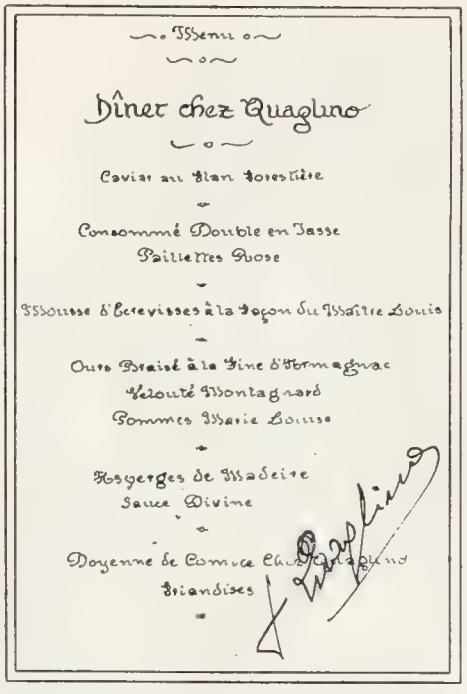
SOME DECEMBER DISHES

Lobster au Gratin

CUT a good-sized lobster in halves and pick out all the meat, which must be cut into thin slices. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a saucepan, with three shallots finely minced. Brown them lightly, then mix in a tablespoonful of flour, and when quite smooth add half a pint of milk. Simmer for five minutes. Put in the sliced lobster, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little salt and cayenne, and half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Stir over the fire, and when boiling draw the saucepan back and add the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Fill the shell of the lobster with the mixture, sprinkle breadcrumbs over it, and pour on a little clarified butter. Put the shell in a hot oven for twenty minutes, dish on a napkin, and serve.

Filets de Bœuf Grenadines with Mushrooms and Poiveade Sauce

CUT a piece of fillet in slices three-quarters of an inch thick and trim them to a pear shape, about three and a half inches long and three inches wide. Lard these with fat bacon and put these grenadines into a sauté-pan with some brown sauce and a gill of Marsala; put the pan over the fire, and when the grenadines are done, glaze and dish them in a circle. Fill the centre with a pyramid of small mushrooms mixed in poiveade sauce.



This menu of a dinner served at Chez Quaglino embodies braised bear of Transylvania as the pièce de resistance. The bear is soaked in Rhine wine for ten days before cooking

Poiveade Sauce.—Shred and wash the following vegetables: One head of celery, two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one clove of garlic, one turnip, two leeks, three tomatoes. Put them in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of lean ham and two ounces of butter. Fry them, but not very brown. Add half a pint of vinegar and let it boil till quite reduced; then stir in three ounces of flour and three pints of stock. Add a bouquet garni, six cloves, and twenty-four peppercorns, with a pinch of pepper and salt. Stir well and simmer gently one hour. Pass through a sieve, and it is ready for use.

Stewed Pigeons with Chicory

TAKE three or four Bordeaux pigeons and put them in a saucepan with 1 oz. of butter and 2 oz. of minced bacon; season with salt and pepper, and cook them over a quick fire long enough to well brown the pigeons; moisten with a gill of gravy, cover the pan and cook the birds in the oven for half an hour, or a little longer. Wash a bundle of chicory, and cook it till tender, in plenty of salted water containing a tablespoonful of flour and some lemon-juice. When done, drain and reheat in a little butter, season with a little pepper and finely chopped parsley. Untruss the pigeons, and cut them up into neat joints. Dress them in the centre of a large entrée dish and strain over the sauce, previously freed from fat. Arrange the chicory neatly round the pigeons and serve hot.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AT BRIDGE

III—The Top Honour Fetish

By "Aces Easy"

I HAVE read times without number the dictum that "a sound major suit call is to be preferred to a no trumper," and a corollary of this is the statement that a sound major suit call is (a) five cards in length headed by tops; (b) four cards in length headed by tops, (c) according to progressive authorities, five cards in length headed by queen or jack, with 2½ or 3 outside tricks. True, brother, true. But for a couple of years or more I have played (with partners I can trust, *bien entendu*) on such suits as Q, 10, x, x; J, 9, x, x; A, x, x, x; K, x, x, x; and, on occasion, x, x, x, x when (a) my distribution has been unsuited to no trumpers, or I have an alternative call, and (b) my hand is too strong to pass. As for such a hand as S—x, x, x, x, x, H—A, x, x, D—A, x, x, C—A, x, I bid a spade, no matter what my company. And I have been more cursed—and made more games—by such practice than for any other unorthodox play with which I have experimented.

I NEVER hoped to see any responsible authority publish a book on this theory, however. But "Some New Principles of Auction Bridge," by R. Jones-Bateman (Arnold: 6*s.* net), advances this revolutionary thesis. He gives in a collection of very interesting hands and statistics examples of original calls on (i) *S—K, Q, x, x,* H—10, 9, D—A, 10, x, x, C—A, K, x; (ii) *S—Q, x, x, x,* H—10, x, D—A, x, x, C—K, Q, J, 8; (iii) *S—A, 9, 8, x,* H—K, x, x, x, D—K, Q, x, x, C—x. Italics indicate the suit called. With the exception of hand (ii), on which *I* should call a club, I agree with the advice given. My requisite for a call is—four trumps at least and 2½ quick tricks in hand. "Weak sisters" (and brothers) had better require the 1914 standard of A, K, x, x, x in trumps and an outside ace. Please do not misunderstand me. Top honours do not debar me from calling, but I do not demand them—but the quick trick requirement is absolutely indispensable.

ONE advantage (though a rare one) of such a call is that it may steal a call from the opponents. Playing with a partner after my own heart one night he called a spade, which I, on K, J, 10, x of clubs and a single spade, four hearts to the 9, and four diamonds to the 8, denied with two clubs. The opposition went hearts; my partner assisted the clubs, and we pushed the hearts to four—in which they went one down, we could just have made four clubs, but the crux of the hand is this: *they had a small slam in spades.* Again, playing with a partner I could *not* trust, at a score of 18 against us on the rubber game (I hope she doesn't read BYSTANDER Bridge!), she went a no trump; two spades on my right. I held S—K, 4, 3, 2, H—10, D—9, 6, 5, 4, C—K, J, 3, 2, and went three clubs. Three spades were bid on my left, and my partner called (O wicked woman!) *four hearts!* On my right was heard a licking of chops and a voice was heard to double. What should A do? "Light an Abdulla," of course, but my host smoked gaspers. I went five diamonds and commended my soul to heaven. My partner went down with S—A, H—A, J, x, x, x, x, D—J, 10, x, C—A, x, x. I went down only one!

I QUOTE these two personal hands to show what the system can do. I do not deny that, in defence, such calls may, on occasion, lose a trick; I do not recommend them to mediocre or bad players; *and* (here, I think, Mr. Jones-Bateman goes wrong) they demand a weakness denial. He suggests that, partner having bid a heart, one should not deny on S—J, 9, 8, 7, 6, H—2, D—9, 8, 7, 6, C—7, 4, 2; nor on S—J, 3. 2, H—, D—Q, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, C—9, 7, 5, 3. If partner may have called on four hearts to the jack, ace, king of spades, and ace, queen of clubs, or four hearts to the 6 (he recommends such a call himself), and a secondary suit outside, it seems the height of folly not to keep the bidding open for a possible switch, should your take out not suit the original call.

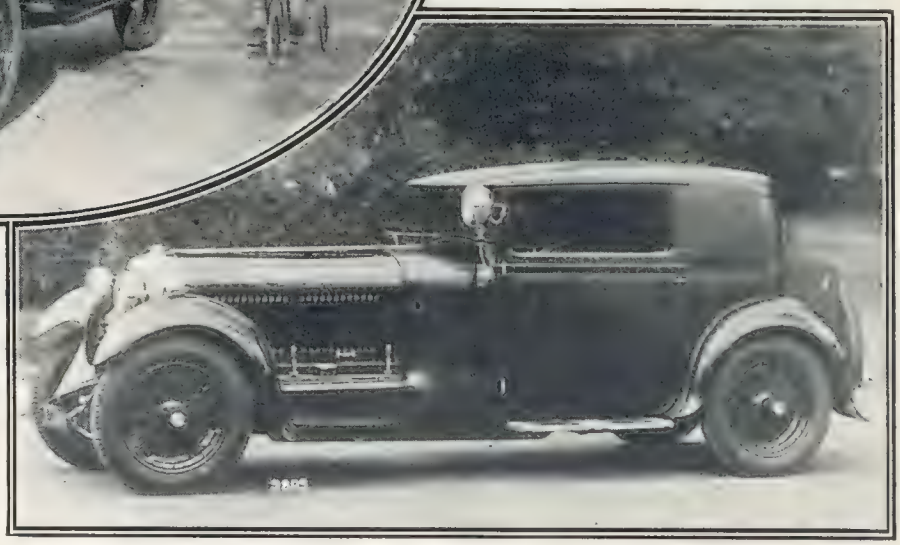
For a Christmas wish—May you never be forced to call five diamonds on four to the 9.

MOTOR NOTES

"GOING OUT" FOR CHRISTMAS

By E. M. Wright

Mr. "High Test," Pratts' commissionaire, who is built in Carnera-like proportions, gives a helping hand to a small tricyclist whilst out in an Austin Seven



A Silent Speed Six Bentley with a special closed coupled saloon by Messrs. J. Gurney Nutting and Co. of Chelsea. It was recently supplied to the Maharajah of Indore

THIS issue, as you will observe, is dated for Christmas Day itself. So I shall begin by wishing every reader a Merry Christmas. How you will make merry will depend upon your age and also on where you happen to be. Smith Minor, for example, will wait impatiently for the dinner-hour; and very probably his parents a few hours later will await with even greater impatience the arrival of the doctor. His slightly dyspeptic father, on the other hand, will make merry a little less crudely. Nevertheless, we always look on Christmas as a time of feasting and jollity and of family reunion.

***

BUT what of those who are away from home at this time of year? Christmas is such a home festival that to have to spend it away from one's own circle would appear to many to be worse even than solitary confinement. We pity the traveller who must spend Christmas Day thus; but one such, an American visitor to this country, has seen to it that he shall enjoy Christmas to the full, albeit he is thousands of miles from his own circle of friends. His ideal was to spend the day in an old inn which still kept up the Dickens tradition. He therefore made inquiries, but the response was so tremendous that his difficulty must have been to select one inn from the dozens that were recommended to him—for one Christmas dinner is the limit for any ordinary man. Throughout England, it seems, there are inns of various kinds where the lonely traveller can have his share of Christmas revelry of the traditional sort.

***

A FAVOURITE theme of Christmas cards is the inn-yard in the old coaching days, with travellers climbing down from the stage-coach and a beaming landlord bustling out to welcome them. Yet I wonder whether the "traditional" Christmas spirit which is kept up by so many of our inns is a genuine relic of the coaching days or whether it has come into being with the development of motoring. For there is no question that motoring has changed our attitude towards Christmas. Time was when no one who could possibly avoid it stirred from his home except to go to church and perhaps to call on some nearby friend. Nowadays the exodus from Town half suggests August Bank Holiday.

***

THOSE who sigh for the good old-fashioned Christmas forget that though the spirit of the day remains the same, manners have changed. No Yule-log burns on the hearth—it is as like as not a gas-fire; the home is so often a tiny flat, in which sheer lack of space makes the usual forms of Christmas entertainment impossible; and, lastly, in these servantless, or semi-servantless, days the provision of Christmas cheer means hours of extra work for the housewife. But if our homes are smaller we have all England for our playground. A few hours' run in the car will take us to some old hostelry where we can keep Christmas in surroundings far more appropriate than those of a town flat, a suburban villa, or a bungalow. Indeed, there is a lot to be said for a Christmas away from home, whatever that home may be. Therefore, search out, as did this American, an old inn with panelled walls and oaken beams in the ceiling, where every nook and corner breathes the romance of the road and where you are assured of mulled ale, roast turkey and plum pudding. New surroundings, new faces, may make your Christmas a far jollier affair than the good old-fashioned kind where you meet the same small set of friends in the same surroundings in which you spend so large a part of your life. Christmas may be made an adventure, from the time you set out on your journey through a quiet winter countryside, along comparatively deserted roads, to the time you return all the better pleased with your home, after your absence from it.

***

BUT for those who find no pleasure either in country inns or in their own homes, there is yet another way of keeping Christmas. And, incidentally, it is the car which has brought about the change. Not only in London, but in every city in England large hotels now make a feature of gala dinners for those who find communal revelry more exhilarating. Personally, I plump every time for the Dickens inn in the country—but every man to his taste. There is little either of Dickens or the home in the kind of entertainment provided by, say, the Grand Hotel Babylonia, but all the same there is plenty of fun, and that, after all, is what we want on Christmas Day. It does not matter how you make merry so long as you *are* merry—and I certainly hope you will be.

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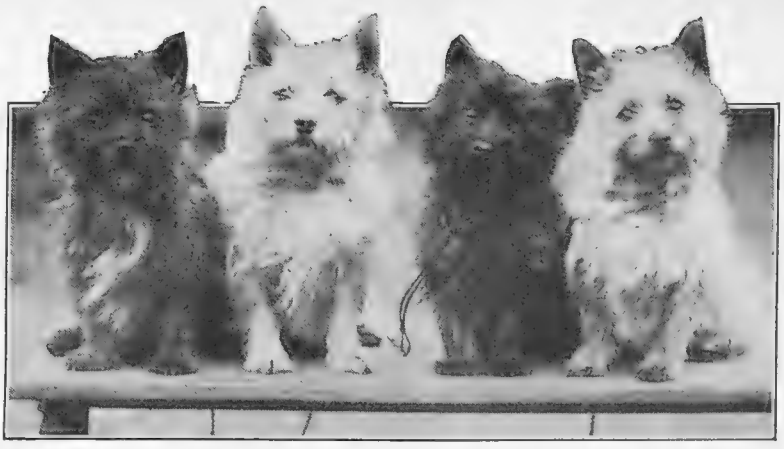
DOGS

GIVE 'EM A MERRY CHRISTMAS

By "THE KENNELMAN"



Charles Ward

Mrs. Alec Wilson's prize-winning Brindle and Wheaten Cairns. They are a great speciality of the Croglin Kennels

SOME of us manage to put in a good deal of chin-wagging with our Dogs even now, but the day will come when we shall really get down to honest-to-God talk with them. Less of a miracle than talking across three thousand miles of hurricane-swept ocean to a man shut in the wireless cabin of a foundering ship!) And just imagine the variety of additions that'll represent to our Merry Christmas greetings on the morning of the 25th. The peremptory soprano of the Pekingese ladies, the Big Ben bay of the Bloodhounds, the whip-cracks of the Terriers' tones, and the hearty, mellow bass of the big chaps: Wolfhounds, Danes, St. Bernards, and the like. The tribe is getting on for four million strong in this country now, and there's mighty few that wouldn't wish you a Merry Christmas, and mean it, if they could.

So it's rather up to us to see to *giving* them one. It's as much a mistake to suppose you can't feast the Dogs without harming them as to think the way to do it is to give 'em "just what we have ourselves," as the generous ladies say who pass sips of Old Tom and bits of bloater to their babes in arms—no more unsuitable than turkey, plum pudding and mince pies are for Dogs. But they do love a festive bust all the same, and if the menu is composed with understanding there need be no hang-over. "Mrs. Beeton" doesn't mention it, but here's the recipe:

TAKE a nice young threequarter-grown bunny and cook him well—slowly. Bone him with a conscience, for osteologically there's peril in the beast. In his juice, or other good stock, soak some Sippets, Ovals, Osoko, Plain Rounds, or other first-rate biscuit food, which should thereafter be lightly baked to crispness. Mix in nice sizeable bits of the bunny meat with the baked-soaked biscuit food, let your ragout get cold, and serve in quantities, say, five-and-twenty per cent. above ordinary ration. If bunny's out of reach for any reason—they all love rabbit—give in place of it lightly grilled lean steak, cut in *thin* slivers. And pray don't forget the Christmas dessert. No, not almonds and raisins, thank you very much, but a whacking big bone from the butcher's, apotheosised by ten minutes in a hot oven, and then allowed to get cold. After a good digestive half hour with this a hundred and forty winks, please, a few inches nearer the hearth-rug than is normally allowed. There's an important preliminary to all this joy, which immensely enhances its savour; and that's a really good long outing in the forenoon—grass and trees as well as roads, please—followed by just double the ordinary day's brushing. There you have the ideal Christmas fare for a Dog. But no snacks between meals, I beg. Stick to that and there'll be no after penalties.

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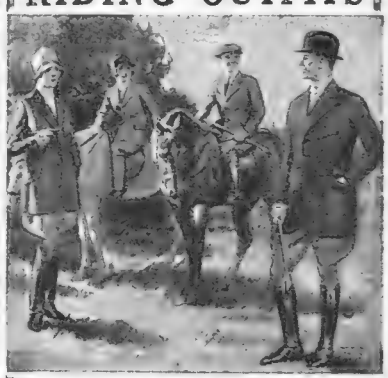

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Successful Year

After writing off all charges, including advertising, depreciation, directors' remuneration, etc., the net profit of the famous tobacco firm, Carreras, Ltd., for the year ended October 31, 1929, is £1,285,154 (as against £1,154,250 last year), which added to the amount brought forward, £1,219,889, gives an available balance of £2,505,043. The directors recommend a final dividend on the ordinary, "A" ordinary, and "B" ordinary shares of 35 per cent., free of income-tax, making 50 per cent., free of tax, for the year. It is proposed to create an extra reserve, viz., a development fund, to which £100,000 will be allocated; provision for income-tax requires £263,828, employees' superannuation fund £4,524, expenses of last share bonus issue £2,838, preference share dividends £20,000, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £1,410,728. Out of this balance it is proposed to capitalise £351,563, and to distribute bonus shares in the proportion of one "A" ordinary share for every four ordinary and/or "A" ordinary shares, and one "A" ordinary share for every thirty-two "B" ordinary shares held by shareholders on January 2, 1930.

The Handel Grand Concertos

Through the splendid efforts of many of our progressive orchestral conductors and choral societies the English public is coming to realise that Handel composed a heap of interesting music in addition to the "Messiah." Now one of the younger gramophone-recording companies, "Decca," has placed a further view of Handel before the public by publishing three of the Handel Grand Concertos for string orchestra. Decca has employed for this purpose Ernest Ansermet, the world-famous conductor, and the Decca String Orchestra of specially chosen London orchestral players; the soloists are: W. Primrose and H. Greenbaum—violins; A. Pini—violoncello; and the "continuo" is allotted to a harpsichord, played by Leslie Heward. The second, third, and sixth Concertos are now issued by Decca on six double-sided records. (We are promised Concertos Nos. 4, 10, and 12 early in 1930.) The jolly and fascinating works are magnificently played and recorded, and the records should be purchased by every music lover who likes good tunes. The Concertos are examples of popular music at its best, and although written in 1739 they rival the fox-trots, etc., of 1929. Nothing could be more lively than the Allegro of the 3rd Concerto (record No. T.114).

Barker and Dobson's chocolates are packed in richly ribboned boxes

Alexandra Orphanage

Although the Alexandra Orphanage, Haverstock Hill, dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century, it is to-day a modern institution, well equipped in every way to teach and train, and has care of 370 boys and girls, whom it is preparing for a good start in life. Its work is well known among employers, who are quick to engage boys and girls on leaving at fifteen years of age, and the training given enables old pupils to take responsible positions and to win their way to business prosperity. For this institution Lord Marshall of Chipstead, who has been its treasurer for over thirty years, appeals for contributions towards the £10,000 required annually from voluntary gifts. The anniversary festival will be held at Grocers' Hall on December 3, and Sir Edward Iliffe will preside and will advocate the claims of this orphanage upon the charitable public. The Secretary, at 34-40, Ludgate Hill, will gratefully acknowledge donations, large and small.

A Pleasing Gift

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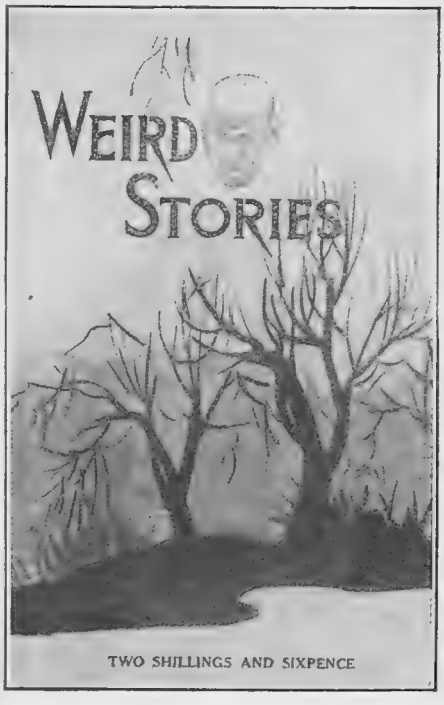

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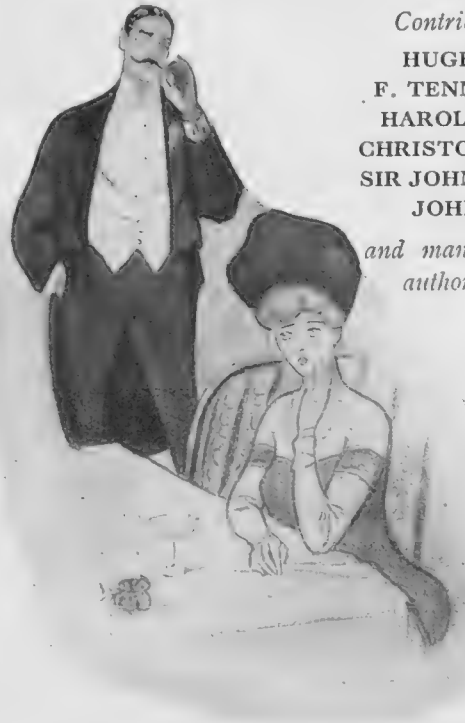

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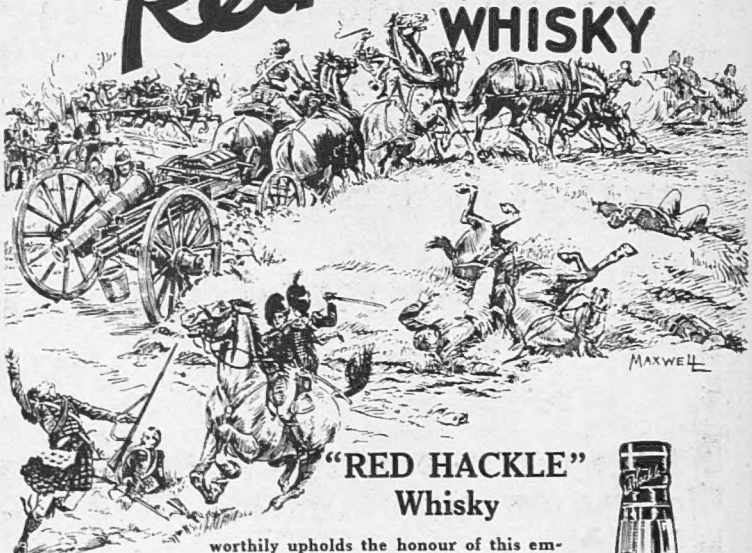

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